CIRCULATION..
LAST WEEK:
120,000
Sample Copies Sent Free to any Address.

WEEKLY TOLEDO BLADE

The Silver Question.
SEE FOURTH PAGE

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1895. VOL. LXIII. NO. 29.

Poetry.

FORTY YEARS AFTER.

We climbed to the top of Goat Point hill,
Sweet Kitty, my sweetheart, and I;
And watched the moon make stars on the waves,
And the dim white ships go by,
While a throne we made on a rough stone wall,
And the king and the queen were we,
And I sat with my arm about Kitty,
And she sat with her arm about me.

The water was mad in the moonlight,
And the sand like gold where it shone,
And our hearts kept time to its music,
As we sat in that splendor alone;
And Kitty's dear eyes twinkled brightly,
And Kitty's brown hair blew so free,
While I sat with my arm about Kitty,
And she sat with her arm about me.

Last night we drove in our carriage,
To the wall at the top of the hill;
And though we're forty years older,
We're children and sweethearts still,
And we talked again of that moonlight,
That danced so mad on the sea,
When I sat with my arm about Kitty,
And she with her arm about me.

The throne on the wall was still standing,
But we sat in the carriage last night;
For a wall is too high for people
Whose foreheads have linings of white,
And Kitty's waist measure is forty,
While mine is full fifty and three;
So I can't can't get my arm about Kitty,
Nor can she get both hers about me.
—Life.

WHY SHOULD WE CARE?

Though the tree be not just for the bird to nest in,
She sets the twigs and the nest is there;
Though the world be not for man to blest in,
He walks her green ways and breathes her sweet air.

The rich days open and spill their splendor;
Night shoes with silver the foot of her stair;
Aye, life has all that glory can lend her;
So what it all means, pray, why should we care?

The green lands blossom and the blue skies hover;
The warm winds blow and the song birds pair;
Under love's window comes fluting the lover,
And the loved one leans with his rose in her hair.

The suns plunge over the hill to the water;
The stars are sure; God gives and to spare;
The man-child thrives, and beauty's fair daughter;
So, what's it all for, pray, why should we care?

—John Vance Cheney, in Harper's Weekly.

A COLLEGE ATTACHMENT.

We've skimped and sent that boy to fill
The holler in his head with knowledge;
He wasn't got for much, but still
We tho't he might pull thro' a college;
We guessed he'd study up at nights,
Work hard to mend his mind and natur',
An' here the young Philistine writes
He's deep in love with Alma Mater.

We'd better kept him hoein' corn,
An' feedin' pigs an' doin' plowin',
An' gittin up in early morn,
To milk the cows, as I'm allowin'
There's Hetty, neighbor Quiggs's gal,
Gosh, how this news will agitate her!
I'd allus picked her out for Josh,
But now he's sparkin' Alma Mater!

I've heard about them college chaps,
An' read about 'em in the papers,
An' Josh, he's one of 'em, perhaps,
An' thick in all their scrapes and capers.
He wrote us he was doin' fine,
Was something of a wimmen hater;
But now we see he was a-lyin',
An' wastin' time on Alma Mater.

Last night we writ a letter warm,
A-sayin' we were led to statin'
He'd better come and work the farm,
An' never mind 'bout graduatin';
Then he could pack his college rigs,
Er he'd discover, soon or later,
It's better sparkin' Hetty Quiggs
Than makin' love to Alma Mater.

Miscellany.

TRICKED THE BONIFACE.

Country Hotel-Keeper Cleverly Fooled by an Inventor.

"Did I ever tell you about the great bluff I invented and worked off on a country hotel proprietor?" asked Meekin, the lazy inventor, as he tilted back and lit his pipe, says the St. Louis Republic.

"It came about like this: I was making a flying trip through the West in search of a man who was said to have invented a process for tempering copper in electricity. One evening about dinner time I reached an Indiana town which I'll call Jayville, as the town is still alive and so is the hotel proprietor.

"I rushed into the only hotel in the place, asked for some dinner and was shown to the dining room after I had registered. I wanted to catch the 9:13 train for Indianapolis, so I could spend the night there.

"Whn I had finished my meal I fished around in my pockets for a dime to tip the waiter with. I found I hadn't a blooming cent in my clothes but I had a $50 draft on New York in my pocketbook.

"It let the waiter go without his tip and walked out to the office, where I found the landlord. I ostentatiously took up a pen, asked the landlord his name and made the draft payable to him.

"'Now,' said I, 'if you'll kindly take out the price of a dinner and give me the balance of this $50 I'll be obliged.'

"The landlord read over the draft forward, backward, sideways and upside down. Then he held it up to the light. At last he looked at me sharply and said:

"'Your name Meekin?'

"'Sure thing,' said I.

"'How do I know you ain't one o' these yere flim-flammers?'

"'You don't. Do I look like a flim-flammer?'

"'Wal, ye mought an' ye moughtn't,' was the landlord's encouraging reply.

"It was getting near train time, and I was getting nervous. In glancing around the office with the faint hope that I'd see some one I know, my glance fell upon a long distance telephone over in the corner. Right here was where I invented my bluff in Jayville at 8:45 p. m.

"'All right,' said I. 'Now you come over here to the telephone with me and I'll soon satisfy you that your suspicions of me and this draft are all wrong.'

"We went over to the 'phone and I picked up the receiver without ringing and this is what the landlord heard:

"'Hello, central! • • • Gimme New York. • • • Hello! This New York? Gimme 5833 Cortlandt. • • • Hello! 5833 Cortlandt? Manhattan Exchange National Bank? • • • Mr. Crandall there? • • • Hello! This you, Mr. Crandall, old man? This is Meekin, • • • M-double-e-k-i-n. Yes, Meekin, T. J. Say, I'm in Jayville, Ind. Hotel man says your draft, No. 347, on my account is no good. How about it? • • • Good for $5,000, is it? Sure? You are, eh? Good joke on your old bank, ain't it Mr. Crandall Cost you a bottle when I get back. Well, so long. See you next Monday!'

"With that I hung up the receiver without ringing off and turned to look at the landlord. His eyes were bulging out, and when I asked him if he required any further proof, he gasped out:

"'Wall, I swum to gracious! Talking to New York, eh? Wall, I never thought to see it. Here, come over here and get your cash. The likes o' this on me. Never see anything so wonderful since the circus was here last!'"

A Historic Episode.

Eighty years ago the Napoleon fad met with a temporary frost at Waterloo.—San Francisco Examiner.

FRUIT PRESERVED IN BORAX.

Experiments That Have Given Surprising Results.

Frank M. Smith the borax king, believes that he has solved the problem of preserving fresh fruit so it can be put on the Eastern market in a satisfactory condition. For some time he has been experimenting with borax and finds the ingredients of that salt adapted for precluding vegetable decomposition.

The discovery is the result of a suggestion made to Mr. Smith one day while lunching with a friend. The gentlemen were discussing the success that had attended the experiment of boraxing fresh meat, when Mr. Smith was asked why he had never tried preserving fruit in the same way. He said it had never occurred to him, but that afternoon he gave the subject so much thought that as soon as he returned to his home in East Oakland he packed several pounds of cherries in a box of powdered borax. This box was placed in the cellar and alongside of it he placed a large glass dish filled with the same kind of fruit. Then he awaited developments. The next day he visited the cellar and found the cherries in the dish were beginning to turn. In three days they were so decomposed that it was necessary to throw them away. In order to make a good test he determined not to disturb the packed cherries for three weeks. At the termination of that time the box was opened and the fruit was found as fresh and in as good a condition as when first placed there.

Mr. Smith was amazed, and he was delighted over the result, and determined to experiment on a larger scale. He had a quantity of cherries packed in a barrel of borax and sent to Chicago by slow freight. Last week he received a telegram saying the fruit had arrived in perfect condition and was bringing surprisingly high prices. Since then a number of barrels of cherries have been packed in borax, and are now ready for shipment East.

As fast as the different varieties of fruit ripen experiments will be made by Frank C. Havens at Rose Crest villa, his place at Vernon Heights, Oakland. The experiments will be on an extensive scale. As the experiments on the different fruits prove successful barrels of the fruit will be packed and sent to the East and Europe. Whenever an experiment is pronounced successful it will be published for the benefit of growers and commission men who may wish to preserve their stock.

"There is no patent on this discovery," said Mr. Smith yesterday; it is free to all. I regard it of the utmost value in the working out of the problem of domestic economy. The same borax can be used over and over again, and think of the amount of unnecessary domestic waste that will be avoided by preserving fruit this way. Private familes, as well as hotels and restaurants, can have their borax bins at small expense in which they can constantly keep an assortment of fresh fruit. The experiment is as yet in its infancy, and I am loath to claim too much for it, but from the tests we have made it is reasonable to believe the system of borax preserving will play an important part in the commercial world.

"There is another question involved in this discovery that is quite as valuable in its way as the waste question, and that is the ability it affords to produce fruits out of their natural season. Cherries in the autumn and figs at Christmas. How would that be? There is money in furnishing fruits out of season for any one who wants to take up that line of business. No, I have not yet considered the possibility of going into the business myself, but am confident it would be a lucrative one. I have not yet gone that far with my plans, but may put up a warehouse for that purpose near the borax refinery in Alameda. The cost of shipping fruit by slow freight is small, and I don't see why farmers should not pack their own crops and sell from their own places.

"I have not yet experimented with berries, but am inclined to think they would not be a success. They are so soft and the juice is too near the surface. Neither have I experimented with vegetables, although I believe they would stand the borax and keep perfectly. The possibilities of this mode of preserving are marvelous. After this season we will know pretty thoroughly what there is in it. Oregon, Nevada, and California abound in borax, and why shouldn't people who have small deposits of this salt on their places use it for preserving their crops?"

IN A BUNCH OF BANANAS.

Family of Strange Tropical Animals Comes to Chicago.

Somewhere down in the tropics a few months ago a family of Sigmodonts took up its abode in a bunch of bananas. In the course of time the fruit was picked and shipped to Chicago before the little creatures had an opportunity to give up their lease, says the Inter-Ocean. A Mr. Kaufmann, a Wrightwood avenue grocer, bought the

FAMILY OF SIGMODONTS.

cluster of fruit, and yesterady, when he went to cut a dozen bananas for a customer, he found the nest. Besides the mother, there were six baby Sigmodonts.

When they were disturbed the little ones jumped on the back of the parent and clung for protection to her fur with their little hand-like feet, and further secured themselves by turning their own tails around that of the mother. Unfortunately, in the excitement of the discovery, the mother and five of the little ones were killed. The other one was rescued by Mrs. Dr. Tomagin, who was in the store at the time, and it is now at her home, 1634 Wrightwood avenue, thriving on a fare of bananas.

Banana rats, crabs, scorpions and tarantulas are frequently found hiding among the bananas received in Chicago, and their appearance has ceased to cause comment, but the advent of this new immigrant has aroused quite an interest on South Water street, and general regret is expressed that the parent and young ones were not preserved alive.

Fred Black, a man who is familiar with the names of tropical animals, says there is no doubt that the little creatures are Sigmodonts, a species found in Jamaica and Mexico.

"Called Down."

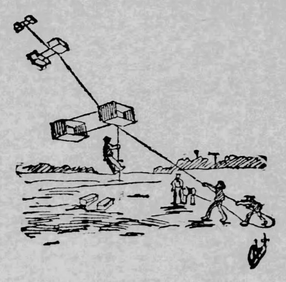
In one of the largest and richest churches of B— one Sunday the minister was very much disturbed during his prayer by the untimely shaking down of one of the large furnaces.

A little later both the minister and congregation were very much startled by hearing the familiar voice of one of their most prominent godly deacons coming up the register. "Thomas," they heard, "Thomas, what in h— do you mean by making such a racket right in the middle of the minister's prayer?"—Boston Budget.

NEW KIND OF KITE.

Inventor Thinks It Can Be Used in Traveling.

The peculiar kite shown in the accompanying illustration was devised by a man in Clifton, New South Wales, who is also the inventor of a flying-machine. The form of the kite is quite new. It is made of cotton cloth and cedar, and several of them



may be strung on an ordinary line, thus materially increasing the lifting power.

The cut shows the inventor seated on a cross-piece attached to the line. Four of the kites were on the line, and with the wind blowing about twenty-one miles an hour they lifted a weight of 240 pounds.

The inventor says that a group of such kites, propelled by a motor, would make a flying-machine, and that, in any case, they would furnish a means of lifting a flying-machine into the air, without the use of a railway, as suggested by Mr. Maxim.

One advantage of this form of kite is the ease with which a passenger may descend by pulling in the line.

TWENTY STORIES ISN'T HIGH.

The Masonic Temple is a Mere Stripling to What We May Expect.

Two gentlemen, one of them an architect, were looking at the Masonic Temple from across the street the other day, says the Chicago Herald. The man who was not an architect remarked that he had an office on the twelfth floor of the building, and that that was about as high as he cared to go.

"The twentieth story is as safe as the second, I suppose," he added, "and just as accessible and convenient, with such an equipment of elevators as we have, but I don't like the idea of getting any further away from mother earth, somehow. It's a prejudice, no doubt, but it is a strong one, and I know a good many others who feel the same way about it."

"That prejudice about high buildings is relative," replied the architect. "Ten years ago, when most people looked upon a ten or twelve story building as a good deal of a monstrosity, you would probably have thought anything above the sixth floor too high for you, but now that all new office buildings in large cities which make any pretensions as to size are at least ten stories high you are willing to pass most of your business life a couple of stories further up. We get educated to these things just as our grandfathers were educated to riding on railroads. I understand that they either have built or intend to build a structure thirty stories in height in Lower Broadway, New York, and I believe in the not distant future there will not only be a good many such buildings in the country, but that a man in a thirty-story building may have his competitor across the way looking down upon him from an eyry ten stories higher. A giant of forty stories would not present a difficult problem so far as structural science is concerned. Bruce Price, a prominent New York architect, attracted much attention and comment some three or four years ago by a design for a sky scraper thirty-four stories high, which he exhibited at the rooms of the architectural league. It was built on a base eighty feet square and was about 500 feet high. His purpose, among other things, was to correct the popular idea that such buildings are necessarily monstrosities, and that artistic skill cannot overcome their inherent ugliness. He maintained that such a building could be made architecturally perfect. For example, he said, such a building may be run up to a height ten times the diameter, giving it the proportions of a Corinthian column, which is the most nearly perfect symmetrical form known to architecture. Any architect will tell you that it is easier to preserve artistic lines in designing a tall building upon a relatively narrow base than it is to design a handsome building which is to be very high, and at the same time rest on a broad base.

"As Mr. Price put it, the construction of these modern office buildings is merely a matter of 'statistics,' a calculation of the size and strength of the foundation necessary to support the superstructure and the weight of the people who are to occupy it. The plan is to make the foundation of the same area as the building itself and to distribute this weight evenly. With a foundation broad enough and firm enough we could outbabel Babel; we could rear a pile so high that we should have to take into consideration that the top moved faster than the base. This might result in a confusion of tenants, and consequently of tongues, but the problem wouldn't bother the architects a bit. The only check upon these architectural excursions into upper air that I see is the elevator difficulty. About 400 feet is as high as they will go at present."

"Why not shoot the tenants of the top floors out of a cannon of various ranges, constructed on the principle of that one which sent out Jules Verne's explorers on their trip to the moon?" remarked the lawyer.

"Or lift them in balloons," said the architect, laughing, as they shook hands and parted.

Unable to Oblige.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man in the row behind, "but would you mind asking your wife to remove her hat? I assure you that I cannot see a thing on the stage."

"I'd like to oblige you sir, but it is impossible," said the man addressed. "We live out of town, and must get home to-night."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"What has that got to do with it? Why, our train goes twenty minutes after the end of the performance, and it takes her an hour to put that hat on."—Harper's Bazar.

His Views Had Changed.

"Yes," the elder man was saying to his son home from school—"yes, my views of life have changed somewhat since I was of your age."

"What was your philosophy then?"

"That fate couldn't keep a man down."

"And now?"

"That nature protects the weak and foolish."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Strong Brains.

A mild hit of repartee is reported as having occurred between the poet Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes. They were talking about brain fever, when Mr. Saxe remarked:

"I once had a severe attack of brain fever myself."

"How could you have brain fever?" asked Dr. Holmes, smiling. "It is only strong brains that have brain fever."

'How did you find that out?" asked Saxe.

Society Item.

The leaves grow green on bush and bough,
And in the fields the lambkins play,
The full-dress ball retires, and now
The camphor ball assumes its sway.

NOT AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

How to be as Clean as the Queen at a Smal l Cost.

The Empress Josephine never wore a pair of stockings twice. The English Queen, Victoria, less extravagant and even more dainty, does have her stockings and all under linen washed, but she never wears a clean garment but once, when it goes to the laundry. It is easy and perfectly simple to be just as neat as the English Queen. You so often meet people who think they cannot afford to have many clothes in the week's laundrying, and so foolishly economize in the greatest luxury of life—clean clothes. It need not add a penny to the washing bills, for every girl can manage to have fresh stockings and fresh gauze underwear to put on for every day. It is perfectly easy to wash out a pair of stockings and a gauze vest in your own wash basin. Take the vest first; use a teaspoonful of strong ammonia in the basin, pouring on cold water or the hot, as you can get it—over the vest, as it lies on top of the ammonia. In this way every particle of the evaporating ammonia comes up through the article to be washed. (It is precisely the same rule the Household always gives for blanket washing, only the quantity is larger there by a gill.) You will not need to rub the vest much, the penetrating ammonia dissolves out theoil or gum that is a residuum of perspiration, and in a few minutes you can wring out the article, pour a little fresh water over it, and hang it up to dry. The stockings, first well shaken—can be put into the same ammoniated water, because it is not soiled, and they only need to have the dust taken out of them and again rinsed. Both will be dry long before morning. You will not have used any soap, and so you will not have to get the soap out of the garment, which is part of the labor of washing to-day.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HE DIDN'T PAY THE FREIGHT.

Had No Objection to the Weight, Yet He Declined to Meet the Bill.

A young man was standing beside some luggage waiting for a train, says the Rockdale News, when a porter came up to him and said:

"Sir, that luggage is over weight."

"Who says it is?" asked the man, who stammered badly.

"Well, I think it is," answered the porter, "but we will weigh it."

During the conversation a crowd had collected round them and another porter came up and asked what was the matter. The man stammered out:

"F—irst he says it's over weight; then he—says he th—inks it is over weight, and th—en he says he will weigh it."

The porter then took hold of the luggage and carried it to the office and weighed it.

"It is over weight and you have got 1 shilling 9 pence to pay," said porter No. 1.

"Sh—an't pay it," the man said.

"Well, if you won't pay it we shall fetch the station-master," said the porter.

"Fetch wh—o you like; sh—an't pay it," again stammered the man.

The station-master was duly fetched, and on arriving asked what the bother was about, when the man again said:

"F—irst he says it is over weight and then he weighs it and says it is over weight and I have 1 shilling and 9 pence to pay. Sh—an't pay."

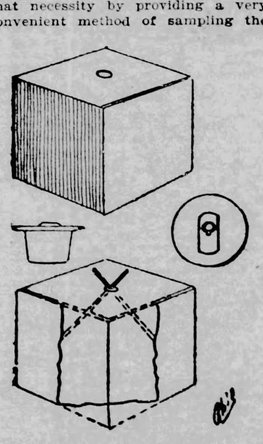
"Well," said the station-master, in a rage, "why don't you pay it?"

"Because it is not my luggage," answered the man and walked off.

A NEW BUTTER-BOX

In Which Dealers in Produce Will be Interested.

Butter packed for export, or for ordinary shipment, has to be sampled by means of the "trier," and it is necessary to remove the lid of the box. At least it has been necessary hitherto, but a recent invention does away with that necessity by providing a very convenient method of sampling the



NEW BUTTER BOX.

butter without taking off the lid of the box.

The new arrangement is very simple and inexpensive. A hole is bored in the center of the lid, and into the hole is fitted a cork attached to a metal cone, the latter, in turn, being fitted with a small ring and countersunk to the level of the surface of the lid.

When butter is to be sampled the ring is raised and with a slight turn and a steady pull the seal is drawn out. The trier may then be inserted in any direction. The whole process does not take more than a minute's time, and is thoroughly effective.

The accompanying illustrations show how it is done.

Money Struck by Lightning.

Fragments of a two-dollar treasury note were presented at the sub-treasury for redemption yesterday by a resident in one of the counties of Maryland.

"This was struck by lightning," he said, as he exhibited the two pieces of the note. The note had apparently been burned lengthwise through the middle, leaving the top and bottom margins. The burned portion that was missing was from a half to one and one half inches wide. The edges of the remaining parts were charred.

The man said his home in the country was recently struck by lightning; that the note was in a cupboard at the time, and that the lightning entered the cupboard, burning the note as described.

The number and seal on the parts of the note were legible and genuine and consequently the note was redeemed. —Baltimore Sun.

An Unpaintable Drink.

"An unusual number of saloons are in financial difficulties," remarked Dinwiddie.

"That adds another sort of liquor to the supply usually kept at such places," replied Hilland.

"What sort?"

"Sheriff's ale."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

It Remained.

Her head had dropped upon his shoulder.

"If only," he whispered, "thy cheek could remain there forever!"

Little thought he what was to be.

Little thought he until he got home and tried to remove her cheek from his dress coat with ammonia and alcohol.—Detroit Tribune.

An Old One Retold.

During the war old Rastus was asked by a Federal soldier why he was not out fighting for his rights. After pondering for a moment, he replied: "Did yo' ebber see two dogs a-fightin' over a bone, sah?"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"Did yo' ebber see de bone fight?"—Harper's Magazine.

Our New Serial Story.

[Copyright, 1895, by ERNEST GLANVILLE.]

THE GOLDEN ROCK.

—BY—

ERNEST GLANVILLE.

Author of "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE FOSSICKERS," "A FAIR COLONIST," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XII.—A STRANGE VESSEL.

Five days after the stormy scene on the bridge, Frank Hume and Webster were lying forward, upon rugs, on the turtle shell deck, in the full blaze of a hot sun. The sea was calm, even beyond the power of the catcher to toss up spray, and stretched away unbroken by so much as a single gleam of white to the horizon, though astern there lay a long trail, slightly sinuous, over which, with many a sweep and soar, there played a pair of gulls. Now and again, from the heave of the water before the fast slipping foot of the Swift, there ripped out a flight of flying fish, who, after an unmistakable beat of their glittering wings, shot away to the right and left, to fall with an awkward splash into the sea.

Here and there, propped up against some wide-mouthed ventilator, or stretched in the grateful shadows of the bones, were a few barefooted sailors engaged with needle and thread, while under an awning aft Mr. Commins and Miss Anstrade reclined in deck chairs. The harsh, grating noise of the steering gear, and the ceaseless thud of the propellers, alone broke the silence, which, like the silence of vast stretches ashore, or of deep-wooded solitudes, hushes the voice of animals and kills speech in men. Out on the bosom of the sea, or on the summit of a mountain, the trifles which interest us among our fellows have little power against the subduing influence of vast unpeopled spaces.

All the morning the steamer reached on, always remaining in the center of the same wide circle, and it was only when the quartermaster struck eight bells that there was any movement among the brooding men. Webster sat up, and with his hands on his knees, and his cap on the back of his head, looked over the shining waste, then yawned.

"What an eloquent fellow you are, Hume," he said; "you've got more conversation and greater powers of observation than a bale of wool. There's that fellow Commins still talking to the Commodore, and oiling his jaw tackle with iced champagne, the lubber; and to think you might be enjoying the same privilege if you only had the wit to make yourself agreeable."

"I don't care for champagne iced."

"You don't, eh; but maybe you'd care to be near where he is, within the range of those lustrous eyes, or was it luminous, you called them, for all the world as though you were speaking of a black cat in a coal-cellar. And such cigars as she smokes too."

"She doesn't smoke cigars!"

"Man, I saw the glow of one last night, burning red, and lighting, by its reflection, the dark, splendor of her eyes, as you magnificently put it."

"It was a cigarette, and you might know, if you were not always between waking and sleeping, that most high-bred Spanish women smoke them, and think no more of it than a dab of powder."

"Then you were smoking the cigar, and I was awake enough to see that the fireee light of the cigar was closer than the breadth of my hand to the tiny glow of the dainty cigarette. I've been thinking whether I ought to congratulate you or her first."

"Don't be an ass, Webster. I was merely explaining to her the map of the stars."

"Then there's nothing between you?"

"Nothing but the length of the ship."

"Then that relieves my heart of a great pressure, which had set there ever since I had salt junk for breakfast. I shall propose to the Commodore myself."

"The devil you will," said Frank, rising to his elbow, and regarding Webster with anxiety.

The lieutenant sighed and then winked solemnly.

"Yes, my boy, for I am sick to death of seeing that red-banded dandy flashing his teeth in the face of her as though he were the only man on board with courage enough to make love to a pretty girl."

"You are fooling."

"Not me. I've been thinking, and it occurred to me that I've lived long enough in a circle. I want to pass the remainder of my life in a square house with some one like the Commodore, who won't obey orders. She would want to paint the walls yellow to match her complexion, and I would tell the quartermaster to paint them blue to remind me of the sea. The house would have a flat roof with a flag-post on the weather quarter. I would hoist my colors in the morning, and she would bend on hers in the afternoon, for I've noticed that a woman grows more active as the day dwindles. It is a trait she enjoys in common with cats."

"My dear fellow," said Frank earnestly, "all you have to do is to give her a sketch of that programme, and that will be enough in the way of wooing."

"Can you suggest any improvement?"

"Well, you would do well to hint at the luxury of green blinds for the windows, and pictures on the walls."

"If there is one thing I detest more than soda with whisky it's satire, you should leave such weapons to that glass-eyed lubber aft, who always looks at me as if I were a monstrosity, and gets my muscles moving to catch him by the neck. Now, Frank, for the honor of all good men sail in and win the prize. I mean it. You can see for yourself that the fellow is every kind of a rogue, and though the Commodore doesn't answer well to the helm, it would be a wicked shame to see her taken in tow by that shark. Hang me if the fellow was not rattling dice last night with that black-hearted piccaroon, Juarez."

"Is that a fact?"

"Aye, that it is; and it came across me that the two of them were too friendly for our safety. It was about four bells and I had gone below to turn in, when I heard the unmistakable rattle, and peeping in through the ventilator above the door, saw the two of them hard at it, with the everlasting bottle at their elbows."

"Have you told the Captain?"

"I did, and he scowled horribly. You know how pleasant he looks when he is put out, and he went down straightway and tumbled the gentle pirate into his cell. At the same time threatening to clap Commins in irons if he sought such congenial society again."

"And?"

"Commins swore most foully. I never thought the creature had such a command of language; but the skipper asked him if he would complain to the Commodore, when he calmed down rapidly into soft words and treacherous smiles. I tell you he is a plotter, and if anything goes wrong with the ship—the National party by compliment—he would sell us for a brass candlestick. Now, if you will take one quick look around, then let down a rope, up which the rest scrambled one after the other. An extraordinary spectacle met their gaze; the well was littered with splinters, the ladder reaching to the main deck was smashed, the entrance to alley-way blocked with the iron wall of the cabin, which had been torn away from its fastenings. On the starboard side, however, the deck was clear, and passing round, they went up the step to the main deck. The starboard side here was free, but on the port side the deck was plowed up, and hampered with a part of the bridge and portion of the boat, while the row of skylights were shattered to pieces.

Sending a couple of men aloft to bring down the man on the booby, Webster and Hume went below to examine the staterooom. The table was set for dinner, but the plates were clean, and the meal had not been served. Fallen over on the table was a bottle of whisky, from which the spirit had run out over the cloth, still filling the room with a strong odor, and on the floor was a broken glass. The cabin door opening into the saloon was open, and an inspection showed that the contents had been overhauled, the boxes standing open, and the floors covered with clothing which had been hastily tossed on the floor.

On a small table in the captain's room was the log book, the last entry broken off:—

"1 deg. N. lat., 30 W. long: Toward evening sighted a cruiser, which showed the Brazilian (National) colors, and held on. She signalled for our colors. Run up the national flag, when she hauled down her colors and ran up the government flag, at the same time signalling us to lay-to. Expecting little mercy if she found out the nature of our cargo, made a run for it. She gave chase and opened fire with her bow gun. Cruiser gave up the chase at dusk, just as a discharge from her bow guns severely mauled us. Irene making water fast, and resolved to take the boats, and——"

"That explains her state," mused Webster, as he turned over the pages of the log, which showed that the Irene, 1,500 tons, had left Bristol for Rio in June, 1893, and had up to the last entry made an uneventful voyage.

"It's a monstrous thing," said Frank, "that a peaceful merchant ship should have been served in this way."

"She probably carries contraband of war, and navy men don't go to much ceremony before playing bowls with a blockade runner. Ask the skipper; he's been at the game often, and by the same token I believe he took command of the Swift to wipe off old scores. Let's get below."

Calling two of the men, Webster lifted a matchway, and, with a lantern from the storeroom, descended to investigate. He was not long in finding that the main hold contained a large shipment of rifles packed in cases. Returning to deck, they found two men who had been sent aloft standing by the side of a young sailor who had been struck in the head, evidently by a fragment of iron. He was stiff in death, and Webster, with a gentle touch, drew the eyelids over the blue eyes.

He then turned to the side to haul in the ropes, from which that other figure had swung. There was a loop in the end, in which the unfortunate man in launching the forward boat had probably been entangled and overlooked by his comrades in the dark. Subdued and saddened by what they had seen, they returned to the Swift, and Webster made his report.

"A blockade runner," said the captain, his gloomy eyelids lighting up; "and full of arms. What a prize she would be for the rebels."

"And for us, too," said Mr. Cummins, quickly. "She would mean a fortune, for I happen to know that the land forces of the national party are badly armed. Now, captain, here is an opportunity that falls right into your mouth, and I would strongly urge you to accept the gift. I admit I was wrong about the Esperanza, but concerning the advisability of taking possession of this rich derelict there can surely be no two opinions."

"But I should have to place a crew on board, and that would weaken us."

"I myself don't see any bar to that arrangement," said Commins, stroking his chin, and eyeing the captain thoughtfully. "I daresay now," with half of our crew, you yourself could undertake to run the blockade with that ship."

"I am not going to leave the Swift," said the captain, roughly.

"I should hope not," laughed Commins, "I had in mind the history of some of your daring trips as blockade runner, and, of course, as I presume, Mr. Webster, and our friend Mr. Hume, with as few men as you could spare, could be put on board. They could make for some port north of Rio, and after reporting her whereabouts and arranging for the reward, you could re-ship the crew previous to carrying out the object of this voyage."

"That would mean delay, and Miss Anstrade may object," urged the captain, who, nevertheless, was evidently pleased with the scheme.

"You have heard the captain's suggestion, madame," said Commins, turning to Miss Anstrade, "which seems to me very important, and which, if carried out, would have a most valuable bearing on our chance of success. With that ship and its cargo in our hands we could, with confidence, ask for every assistance from the national commanders ashore and afloat.

Miss Anstrade knitted her brows as she looked at the speaker.

"You know my wish," she said, wearily, "is to reach Rio as soon as possible. I understood you to say that the cargo of yonder ship would realize a fortune, and it seems to me if I demanded from my struggling countrymen money in return for services, they would be under no indebtedness to me. If we are to weaken our strength to save that ship I would prefer to give it up without any question of reward."

"But you have no objection to the crew sharing in any prize money that may be offered," said Commins quickly, with a side glance at the captain.

"None whatever," she said, coolly.

"And you consent to our saving the ship?"

"I suppose so, though I clearly see my oponion would not be considered if it were opposed to the step."

"Not so, madame," cried Captain Pardoe. "That ship and its cargo should realize £90,000, but if you say leave it, I will send her to the bottom, so that she should not fall into the enemy's hands."

"Do as you wish," she said, with a sad smile, and turned away with a sigh.

The captain and Mr. Commins continued eagerly to discuss the matter, while Hume, who had been standing near with Webster, plucked the latter by the sleeve to draw him aside.

"Well, what do you think of this new scheme?"

"I don't know that I like it over well, but I judge the temptation would prove a strong one for the captain. It is a big stroke of luck after all."

"The captain appears to be rather keen upon money making."

"I suppose he is," said Webster, slowly; "and so are most men when they have the chance. Would you say there was any sentiment about the skipper?"

"As little as there is about that 12-pounder."

"That's where you lose your compass," said Webster, gravely. "For fifteen years the captain's dream has been to save money enough to make a home for his future wife, my sister, Hume. When I was a boy at school he was courting her; a fine, high-spirited fellow, with a way about him that won everybody's goodwill. I have marked him grow more silent and stern as the years went by, and I have seen my sister's gaiety grow into a sweet and tender patience; but never a word of marriage from him. He was waiting for his fortune, and twice he made it and lost it, once after ten years in the merchant service, when he was wrecked, and once after running a blockade, when he was captured and imprisoned by the Peruvians. 'Tis coming, love,' he would say, 'a house for you and a little farmyard for me, down in the old county.' Poor little Loo, I think I see her now sitting, as sometimes she would when the housework was done, with her hands in her lap, looking wistfully into the future. God grant her wishes may be fulfilled."

"I say no more about the captain," said Frank, warmly, "except to echo your prayer. For his sake I hope this plan will carry through well, but after what you said of Commins I am suspicious. He may have some design in dividing our strength."

"No doubt he has, but he might as safely light a cigar by a volcano as attempt to win over any one of our men."

The captain's voice here rang out.

"Mr. Webster, we will lay by till morning. Take all the men on board and get it as ship shape as possible, Find, if you can, the supercargo's manifesto, and if you can't then make rough inventory of the cargo."

The Swift was laid alongside the Irene, on her weatherside, and moored fore and aft, the smoothness of the sea permitting this. In this position the low funnels did not rise above the lofty side of the steamer, and she was completely hidden from the view of anyone coming up on the starboard side. Her fires were damped down, steam shut off, and the engineer, with his staff, were soon busy in the engine-room of the Irene, while the quartermaster, with his men, smartly cleared away the litter in readiness for the carpenters.

So the work went briskly on, and in the quiet of the night, in the absence of all the crew, the body of the dead sailor lad, sewn up in a sail-cloth, was committed to the deep sea, the deep voice of the captain ringing out solemn in the impressive silence. And when the last eddy had died away the captain shivered and drew his hand across his brow.

Maybe the summons for him also had already sounded, and he paced the deck long into the night.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE SEA FIGHT.

The Swift had been almost deserted, as the larger decks of the Irene offered an irresistible attraction, and when the work was abandoned at dusk the crew took possession of the forecastle, while Miss Anstrade, with Hume and Webster, lingered on the poop, after surrendering the main deck amidships to the captain, who preferred his own company. Mr. Commins alone for choice remained on the catcher, and for a long time the glow of his cigar could be seen under the small awning, while Juarez, over whom he had ordered to keep strict watch, lay near, under the shadow of a lamp, smoking cigarettes. The Brazilian captain had never been permitted to speak with Miss Anstrade was there, and his close confinement below had not improved his naturally brutal nature, but he had learned his temper and to beg pardon almost abject humility in imploring the captain to let him on deck. Now the guttural tones of his voice could be heard as he made occasionally a few remarks to Miss Anstrade, who was the only one who cared to hold converse with him.

The night was beautiful, the dark vault of the sky, gloriously jewined down to the dark belt of the horizon, while out of the black waters of the sea there gleamed near at hand sword-like flashes of phosphorescent fire from predatory fish, and between the sea and the sky there was no living thing to break the loneliness. The men, glad of the opportunity to stretch their legs, were soon asleep, and, except for an occasional murmur of voices from the three men on the poop, the rough burr of Juarez at intervals, there was no sound on board. The swell of the sea rising and sinking between the cutter and the Irene made a soft ripple, followed by a dull thud, and the power in its melancholy music to draw Miss Anstrade to the port side, where she had leaned with her elbows on the rail, until at the dim sight of Juarez slouching by she turned with a shudder of revulsion and sought the remoter side.

There the three men of them leaned, the efforts of the two men to talk to the girl between them gradually sank into complete silence. She had changed greatly since the excitement of the wild rush to Maderia, had grown listless, the womanhood in her revolting against the strain and burden which she had imposed on herself, and at each sign of helplessness the two young men had felt more tender towards her, tying, each in his own way, to shower kindness upon her. They had talked often together about the object of the voyage, and, sanguine though they were with the ardor of youth, they could see plainly but disaster before them, while the desperate nature of the enterprise had also come home to her. Presently, with a moan, she thrust her hands before her face.

"There is nothing but failure before me, and perhaps death."

"You are over-worn," said Frank, gently, "and, indeed, it is not surprising, for even we men are not fit for a great the Swift is too rough a boat for a lady."

"Aye, that it is, Miss Laura," said Webster, "and, as for a fear of failure or death, they are for us to prove, and not for you, who are made for better things. This steamer has been thrown across our path in the course of the voyage, and it is your duty almost to accept the gift, and embark in it for a safe port."

"I despise myself," she said, wearily, "but I have no courage and no hope, and shudder at the thought of remaining on the Swift. I cannot understand it."

"I think I can," said Frank in a low tone. "You have been mistaken in yourself, and your position on board in contrast with the grim ship, he seems to me a sort of marvel. You are fitted for better things."

"You mean I have no strength of purpose," she said, slowly. "And do you expect me to relinquish this enterprise, to go back without striking one blow, to surrender to my weakness, and forever be a victim of my cowardice, haunted by a memory and lashed by my conscience? No—no—never!"

She threw up her head proudly.

"You may go to safety in this ship; but I—I—will do what I have said."

"You mistake me," said Hume; "neither Mr. Webster nor myself ask you to give up the enterprise. We have no thought of turning from it; but we do think strongly that you should not share in the work and worry of it. It is not fair to you; it is unjust to us."

"Unjust, sir, how?"

"Madame, you may not know it, but every man on board the Swift thinks more of you than of the ship, and if they knew you were ashore they would be happier in working out your purpose."

"You are right there, Frank," said Webster. "We'd go into action with a laugh if you were on board, Madame, but every shell would make our hearts beat with fear if you were with us."

"Ah! my friends," she answered, with emotion, "you make my sorrow all the greater to think I should have brought you to this, and be myself so fearful of the end. Forgive me, but I am proud and weak by turns. Oh, if I had the courage of a man!"

"You are beter as you are," said Frank. "Your weakness has more power over us than if you never winced or wavered."

Suddenly she stood back and looked at them, laughing low.

"What is it?"

"It has occurred to me, gentlemen, that you are both to remain on the Irene."

"Yes, Madame; but why does that amuse you?" said Frank, helplessly.

"And so you have been scheming to have my company. I am sure I am greatly charmed, and would be more if you had not pretended an

themselves, with kindling eyes, feeling as the young knight who has received his spurs.

"Out with all lights!" It was the captain's voice, ringing out loud and stern.

There was a breathless pause, followed by a confused murmur of voices.

"Silence, forward, there! Is that you, Mr. Dickson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get up steam, but be careful with your fire."

"What can the matter be?" gasped Miss Anstrade, at the sound of men moving quietly from the Irene to the Swift.

Webster, at the first cry from the captain, had sprung to the bulwark, holding to a wire rope stay.

"There's a steamer's lights away aft. I wonder she has escaped us."

The captain's dark form appeared on the poop.

"Mr. Webster, see the fires relit on the ship."

"Aye, aye, sir. What do you make her out to be?"

"When did you mark her?"

"When you called, sir."

"Ah! She appeared an hour since, and I judge from her movements and her lights she is a man of war, probably the same cruiser which surprised the ship below."

"Do you think she has seen us?"

"I'm afraid so, though our lights must be very dim, for she altered her course and is bearing down. She may pass us, unless she brings the spars of the Irene against a star. I won't leave this prize, however, until I am obliged."

Webster moved off, and the others, including the sailors on board, watched the approaching vessel; while Mr. Cummins, who could not, of course, see the stranger from the hidden catcher, hurried on board to find out the cause of the commotion.

"You think she is the Brazilian steamer?" he said, in a voice of alarm, after listening to the explanation. "Curse it! Misfortune dogs us. I wish we were out of this."

"Speak for yourself," answered the captain in a growl.

Mr. Cummins lingered awhile, and then went off to give the news to Juarez who received it with a savage laugh.

The red light rapidly approached through the black of the night, and it was evident she would pass very near. The excitement grew rapidly as the news passed from mouth to mouth in rapid whispers.

"Mr. Hume, will you help Miss Anstrade to the Swift; pass the word to the men to get on board, and have them stationed at the guns?"

In a few moments Captain Pardoe was the only man on board the Irene, with the exception of the stokers, who were busily preparing the fires.

To those on the Swift no one could see nothing there followed a long and anxious state of suspense, broken, at last, by the low voice of the captain speaking from above.

"Mr. Hume, stand by to slip the fastenings."

They held their breath, listening, and to the meame the regular beat of the engines.

Louder and louder came the noise, but they could see nothing of the danger, and its imminence seemed to them the nearer. There was a movement in the air, the pulsation of the distant screw affected them so that they believed the Swift itself was throbbing, and presently the Irene leant over towards them gently, and as gently rolled away.

"The wave from her wake," muttered the quartermaster.

The sound of the engine gradually lessened.

The captain's figure appeared above. "She has passed," he said.

There was a rush for the tall sides of the Irene, and presently every one was staring forward at a green light fast diminishing in the dark, now at its blackest before the dawn.

"Thank God for His mercy," murmured Miss Anstrade, who had stood near Hume, silent and white, though without a sign of fear.

"You may well say that, Miss Laura," said the captain.

The green light sank rapidly, and had almost disappeared, when suddenly a brilliant flare shot up, throwing a sickly light over the group on the poop.

The captain gave a bound to the side, and next minute there was a hoarse cry as his pistol rang out.

"It is that villain Juarez, send his black soul to perdition. Overboard with him," roared the captain.

The black-eared quartermaster, balanced himself on the rail a moment, sprang to the iron deck below, and next minute there was a howl of mingled fear and rage, followed by a splash.

"Launch the boat, and smother that light with a sail."

The captain gnashed his teeth as he glared at the brilliant flare from a life-saving light floating on the quiet waters, and seemed to call forth to the distant battleship. Mr. Commins stood in the catcher near the spot where the sinking figure of Juarez had been shot down, seemingly without power to move, as he looked horror-struck at the dark waters.

Without a second's delay the boat was launched, and a strip of canvas thrown over the light, when the darkness settled down just as she came round, with tall masts and lofty sides of gleaming white.

"She has caught us, captain," said Webster, quietly; "and we could easily have got away in the night."

The captain turned on his heels with a stormy look on his face, and walked a few steps, when he stood with his eyes bent on the deck. Then he threw his head up, gazed keenly at the cruiser, and when he faced Webster again his mind was made up.

"On board," he cried, waving his hand to the catcher, and in a moment was on the deck of the smaller ship.

"Madame and men," he said in his deep tones, "the ship we saw last night is, I fear, a cruiser of the Brazilian navy. She is near us, and if she is an enemy we are in danger. The blame is mine. I should have continued instead of remaining to save this vessel."

Miss Anstrade made as though she would speak, but the captain waved his hand.

"Madame, Miss Laura, no words you could say would add to the regret I feel. But there is no time. I have brought you into this peril, and please God I will deliver you. I want nine men to fight this ship. Who volunteers?"

There was a moment's pause as the men looked at one another, then the quartermaster stood out.

"We are all yours, captain; to the last man."

"Aye, aye," came the response.

A dull flush crept into the captain's face. "Thank you, men," he said, quietly; "but I want nine only. Quartermaster, select eight. Mr. Hume, help Miss Anstrade on board. Mr. Webster, take command of the Irene, and make full steam as soon as I engage the cruiser."

The men lingered reluctantly, and Miss Anstrade, with heaving breast, stood looking at the captain.

"Quick, Mr. Hume," said the captain, and at the same moment he took Miss Anstrade by the hand and led her to the ladder. "I am very sorry," he said; then his hand was seized by a sailor, and all the men in turn wrung his hand as they passed.

He looked round, and saw Webster standing by the engineer.

"Come, Jim, my boy," he said to the lieutenant, "it is your duty to save Miss Anstrade."

Webster mover forward with a strange look in his face.

"Remember Leo," he said, hoarsely, "and let me stay here."

"It cannot be, my lad. Good-bye, my boy, good-bye, and tell her I did what she would expect me. Up." He almost forced Webster to the ladder, then turned.

"Mr. Dickson," he said, and looked and looked at the engineer. "If I could spare you I would, for it's death before us."

The engineer smiled softly.

"I am not sorry, captain," he said, "for I understand."

He took one last look around at the wide sea and crimson heavens, then turned to grasp the captain's outstretched hand, and the two men looked into one another's eyes.

A pale figure of a man slipped out of the door and made furtively for the steps.

"Mr. Commins," the captain's hand was laid upon his arm, "you will stay with me, for your scheming nature and coward heart have brought us to this."

Mr. Cummins trembled beneath the gloomy eyes turned upon him, cast one imploring look at the faces above, then without a word, allowed the captain to lead him to the cabin door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GOOD BUSINESS MAN.

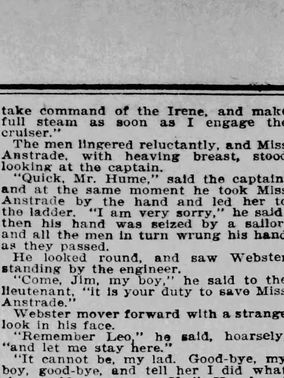
BY ARTAXA.

(Concluded.)

Things went on much in the same way for three years, till one day when Mr. Leslie seemed preoccupied over his dinner, and had failed to toss Charlie onto his shoulder and give him his "horsie ride," Dora asked him what was troubling him.

"Nothing that you could help, my little girl, so there is no use bothering you with it."

She was still his "little girl," and was likely to remain so until gray hairs made the loving title sound absurd. He had always talked over the affairs of the firm with her as though she were one of its members. There was no reason he should not. They were just as safe with her as with him, and many of the innovations at



the great store down town had originated in her little parlor. He always said he pitied the man most sincerely who was obliged to keep all his doings from his wife, or else have them published broadcast over the land.

But this particular evening he did not seem disposed to unburden himself, until finally Dora said, "Come, Herbert, even if I cannot help you, satisfy my curiosity. You know I am a warranted antidote for the blues. Have you had trouble with Johnson?" Johnson was the inflammable member of the firm.

"Trouble with Johnson! No," said Herbert. "My trouble is a good way from being that sort. I'll tell you, Dora, though I know it will make you feel badly, because you cannot help me, and because it is what I would have had your heart set on for so long."

"You talk in riddles, Herbert. How could I have my heart set on anything that would cause you trouble?"

"Do you remember what you said once about my making a good business man, and that you would like to see my name at the head of a firm? Well, as Billy, the office boy, would say, 'That has just stuck in my gizzard' ever since. And I have wondered almost night and day how it might be accomplished, and thus earn my right to the confidence you had placed in me. I know you were right about wanting to lay by a part of the salary, but knowing that you had earned enough to keep you much in dentistry for when you were single, I did not like that you should begin a system of skimping to which you were not accustomed just because you had married me. And yet I have wanted to gratify your ambitions. I have a chance for the partnership now on conditions. Don't take it so seriously, little girl. I see you understand, and don't interrupt me till I am through. There is no use crying over spilt milk. We have had everything that we have needed, but I cannot think of anything that we could have done without. Miller and Johnson will give me a partnership in that new branch out West, and constitute me chief cook therein, if I can hand them the moon, or I should say $3,000, but it might about as well be one as the other so far as I am concerned."

Then, after a pause in which he had waited for her to speak, "Are you dreadfully angry with me, Dora, for not seconding you in your desire to starve the roses out of your cheeks?"

For as the situation had dawned upon her the red had flamed into her face and receded, leaving it absolutely colorless, and she sat with downcast eyes and lips tightly compressed, but at the sound of the anxious questioning in his voice she gave him a half-startled, half-mischievous look from her brown eyes, and said, "If I were you I would accept the partnership and comply with the condition." And with this bit of advice she rose and left the room.

When she returned a few moments later with a roll of notes in her hand, she found her husband with pale face and bowed head, pacing the floor. He had not thought Dora could be so unfeeling and resentful. Why need she have indulged in that last bit of sarcasm? If he had erred in the matter of saving money and preparing for this time he had then because he had loved her too well, and surely she ought freely to forgive him that! Many people who fail utterly in the little things of life are always ready when great emergencies arise, with unfaltering courage to put their shoulder to the wheel and lift you over the bad place. Again, others who were always scrupulously exact and conscientiously painstaking in all small and ordinary matters of life, failed when called on for any unusual effort of heart or brain. To this latter class, it seemed to him now, that Dora must belong.

Yes, Dora had failed. He had come to a weak spot in her character, and he had thought there were no weak spots. He wished he never had discovered it. He looked down at Charlie, who was playing with his blocks on the floor. How much he looked like his mother! What a good wife she had been, and even in this matter, if she was a little severe, it was not every man who had a wife who was ambitious on any subject except fine clothes and furniture."

The tears came to his eyes as he heard her footsteps coming back. How cruelly he had misjudged her. She had probably gone away that he need not see her shed a few womanly tears of disappointment. He had forgotten the speech he had deemed was sarcasm. And come to think of it she did not really look angry when she went out. Such a queer look it was. He looked up expectantly as she entered. She walked straight to him and said, "Don't wear holes in my carpet, please. You know carpets cost money. Sit down and examine these," and she placed the notes in his hand. "There are notes for something over $3,000, and the interest, when it is paid, will make them considerably more."

"But, Dora, I don't see—I don't understand. Where did you get it?"

"Oh, that is easy enough. You gave me the money and I saved it."

"How could you save it all? We have not lived on $25 per month. I know enough to be certain of that, if I am nearly daft at present."

"Well, you know the piano, that piece of extravagance that you insisted on buying when we were married. I have given a few music lessons, just to keep me out of mischief during my leisure moments."

"Well, you fairy god-mother," said he, half laughing, though there was a suspicious huskiness in his voice, "I cannot thank you for this. Words are inadequate. But you remember you were once kind enough to say I was a good business man. I partly agree with you. I am, most assuredly, half a good business man, and that half is my better half."

BILIOUSNESS DEFINED.

Pronounced Something Different From What Has Been Supposed

It is impossible to alter the English language for the sake of insuring pathological accuracy, and however erroneous may be the idea conveyed, the phrase "bilious attack," stands as representing a group of symptoms which are popularly supposed to point to disordered liver as their origin, says the Hospital, London. It is important, however, not to be misled by such phraseology. Confident as the man in the street may be in the efficacy of his liver as the cause of all his woes, we know, and ought to act upon the knowledge, that in so-called "biliousness" or "bilious attacks" the liver is only a secondary sufferer. In a lecture by Dr. Saunby, recently published in the "Clinical Journal," it is emphatically asserted that an ordinary bilious attack is really an attack of catarrhal inflammation of the stomach and duodenum. Perhaps we should feel inclined to lay more emphasis than he does on the importance of neurotic element and the necessity, and even the difficulty, of differentiating from pure gastro-duodenal catarrah cases of migraine or of gastric neuralgia. It is clear enough to those who see much of such cases that no strict line of demarcation can be always drawn. It thus often enough occurs that, even in obviously neurotic ailments, the traditional blue pill and salts are found of service; not that they cure the neurosis, but that they relieve the super-added inflammation.

Still it must be recognized that "biliousness" and "bilious attacks" are related to stomach and duodenum, and not to liver, and that in their casuation there is no inflammatory element which must be considered in their treatment. If we look on "biliousness" as due to a "torpid liver," which requires stimulating, we land ourselves in the fogs of some of the most disputed points in therapeutics; but if we accept what physiological pathology teaches, viz., that it is the result of an inflammatory change in the mucous lining of the stomach and duodenum, the treatment becomes plain. Simple unirritating food, which will not injure the tender lining of the stomach, and will not by its fermentation stretch and strain it, together with such aperients as will drain it speedily of its contents and leave it soon at rest, give us the best hope of quick relief. Dr. Saunby says that Abenethy defined a bilious attack as that condition which is relieved by blue pill, and it is still true that five or ten grains of blue pill at bedtime, followed in the morning by a teaspoonful of Carlsbad salts dissolved in hot water, and sipped while dressing, gives the best results in this complaint. The treatment of a bilious attack is then to be conducted not on vague notions of stimulating the liver, but in accordance with the well-known principles of treating inflammation wherever it may arise—rest so far as may be to the inflamed part, and drainage (by blue pill) to remove the products of its inflammation.

NEW BUG COME TO TOWN.

He Is Large, Wicked, Poisonous and a Terror to Peaceable Citizens.

There is a new bug in town. He flies high and goes about seeking whom he may devour. Naturalists have not yet succeeded in finding a name for him, but he is said to belong to the species electric-lightibus terroribus, otherwise known as the "fly-by-night terror."

THE BUG.

For there is no doubt that the animal is a terror.

There have been electric light bugs ever since that style of illumination was introduced, but this particular bug seems to be new to Chicago, says the Record. The illustration gives a good idea of the general appearance of his bugship. In color he is a dirty brown, about two inches in length, with three pairs of legs. These bugs are numerously jointed, and are armed at the extremities with two sharp claws, the two front pincers, or grippers, are especially strong and keen, and they fasten into any soft object with a most tenacious grasp. If this object happens to be some person's skin, the consequences are often exceedingly unpleasant, for the insect has a venomous sting, and seldom fails to raise a blister. He is about twice the size of a June bug but ten times more wicked.

So far the bug has been encountered only at night. Bright lights attract him, though he favors those which are high above the earth. A woman who is leaning from an upper story window of a lighted room invariably catches his eye, and then she catches it. If the terrible bug chances to find the back of her neck a large and noisy panic ensues. If he persists in his depredations the city council will soon be offering a bounty for his extermination.

Why They Came Late.

Husband (in hat and overcoat)—"Good gracious! Haven't you got your coat on yet?"

Wife—"It's all fixed except tucking in my dress sleeves so they won't get mussed. I'll be ready in half an hour."—New York Weekly.

The Cause.

Mother—You are at the foot of the spelling class again, are you?

Boy—Yes'm.

Mother—How did this happen?

Boy—Got too many as in scissors.—Tid-Bits.

The Magic Touch
OF
Hood's Sarsaparilla

You smile at the idea
But if you suffer from

Dyspepsia

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

"That Just Hits It!"

"That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep, and in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills. 25c.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2—Only one question at a time. 3—Don't ask for addresses of persons or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6—No answers by mail.

The "Embargo Act."

E. F. A., Simpson, Minn., writes: "Our histories differ as to what the 'Berlin decree,' 'Milan decree,' and 'orders in council' were, during the French-English war. Please give a detailed account."

There may be a difference in the words used in different histories, but there is certainly no difference as to what these acts were. The facts are these:

In May, 1806, Great Britain, which was at that time engaged in a bitter war with France, proclaimed a blockade of the territory bordering on the English Channel and the German Ocean from Brest to Elbe. Napoleon retaliated in November by his Berlin Decree, declaring a blockade of English ports. A year later England issued her famous Orders in Council, prohibiting commerce with almost every country of Europe. The next month, December, 1807, Napoleon replied with the Milan Decree, forbidding commerce with England or her colonies. These and similar acts, although in violation of the laws of nations, were enforced by France and England so far as they were able, and many American vessels were seized. Moreover, Great Britain revived an old rule prohibiting neutral vessels from trading with the dependencies of any nation with whom she was at war. She also claimed and exercised the right of searching American vessels for those whom she claimed to be her subjects and impressing them into her service. In maintaining this position, the British man-of-war Leopard, in June, 1807, fired on the American frigate Chespeake. It was in consequence of these events that the news of the Milan Decree had not yet been received, that Congress, on December 22, 1807, passed an Embargo Act prohibiting exportation from the United States, in order to force France and England to recede from their position by showing the importance of our commercial relations. It had some effect on these nations, but a far more ruinous result on our own commerce, the exports for 1808 shrinking to one-fifth of the sum they had reached in the preceding year.

Pension Questions.

J. C., Allensville, Pa., writes: "A soldier puts in a claim for pension on August 1, 1890; on January 11, 1895, he is rejected on the ground that he is not disabled for manual labor in a pensionable degree. He puts in again on February 6, 1895, and on May 7 he gets $12 a month. Is he not entitled to any back pension?"

The rejection of the first application bars any pension under that, and pension is due only from February 6, 1895.

J. T., Erie, Tenn., (who should have sent his full name, as required by Rule 1) asks: "Is an idiotic child of deceased father, who served as soldier in Indian war, entitled to pension?"

No.

States and Territories.

Subscriber, Toledo, O., asks: "Will you kindly give a list in your columns of the present states and territories?"

The states are: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming. Total, 44.

The territories are: Alaska, Arizona, Indian, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Utah. An act for the admission of Utah as a state was passed by the last Congress; but it required the people of the territory to adopt a constitution, to elect state officers, etc.; and when all these requirements are complied with, the President will issue a proclamation declaring Utah duly admitted as a state. Until that proclamation, Utah is a territory.

The Gold Clause.

H. C. B., Almira, Wash., writes: "In your recent issue in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of May 30, to I. B., Adams, Ore., you say the gold clause would not be inserted, were it not for the agitation of the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. We must certainly be mistaken. I have lived fifteen years in Washington, and in all that time the gold clause has been in all our notes."

That does not disprove our answer. The demand for free silver coinage at 16 to 1 dates back to 1875 or 1876. The Bland act of 1877 was introduced as a free coinage measure, and had large support. The changes in it were made during its discussion in Congress. We did not mean the last year or two, but ever since the question has been agitated.

"Demonetization" of Silver.

J. W. S., Earleton, Kas., writes: "Please explain the meaning of demonetization, and if the demonetization of 1873 caused the depreciated value of silver from 16 to 1 to what the present ratio is to-day, 1?"

"Demonetization" means to deprive of its power as money. It is universally used regarding the act of 1873, but not correctly. That act stopped the coinage of silver dollars, but did not take away their money power. We have now over sixty times more silver dollars in our currency than were coined in the eighty years from 1793 to 1873. Read carefully our review of "Coin's" Financial School, now running on the fifth page of The Weekly Blade, and you will get all the facts in the case.

The Act of 1873.

W. M., Clarion, Pa., asks: "Why was silver demonetized in 1873? What was the object, when there was very little silver in circulation?"

The answer was given in our discussion of "Coin's" Financial School" on the fifth page of The Weekly Blade of July 4. Refer to it. You will also find a further discussion in this week's paper on the same page.

The World's Rulers.

W. P. S., Marr's Landing, Wash., writes: "Name the important countries of the world and their present rulers."

Argentine Republic—President Pena.
Australia-Hungary—Emperor Francis Joseph.
Belgium—King Leopold II.
Bolivia—President Alonzo.
Brazil—President Moraes.
Bulgaria—Prince Frederick.
Chile—President Montt.
China—Emperor Kuang Hsu.
Colombia—President Caro.
Denmark—King Christian IX.
Ecuador—President Cordero.
Egypt—Khedive Abbas.
France—President Faure.
Germany—Emperor William II.
Great Britain—Queen Victoria.
Italy—King Humbert.
Japan—Mikado Mutsu Hito.
Mexico—President Diaz.
Netherlands—Queen Wilhelmina.
Peru—President Caceres.
Portugal—King Carlos I.
Roumania—King Charles.
Russia—Czar Nicholas II.
Servia—King Alexander I.
Spain—King Alfonso XIII.
Sweden and Norway—King Oscar II.
Turkey—Sultan Abdul Hamid.
United States—President Cleveland.
Venezuela—President Crespo.

Why Silver Was "Demonetized."

S. E. L., Rose, N. Y., asks: "Why did the government stop coining the silver dollar in 1873? Was the silver dollar a legal tender to any amount from 1873 to 1878? If so, when and how was silver demonetized?"

The reason the coinage of the silver dollar was stopped in 1873 were given in the review of "Coin's Financial School" on fifth page of Weekly Blade of July 4; the subject is continued on the fifth page of this issue.

As explained there in last week's issue the act of 1873 provided for a silver dollar of 384 grains, without free coinage, and legal tender for $5 only. This was stricken out, and the bill passed without it. The law said nothing about the legal tender status of what few silver dollars there were in existence. The act of June 22, 1874, provides that "the silver coins of the United States shall be a legal tender at their nominal value, for any amount not exceeding $5 in any one payment." This limited legal tender of what silver dollars might have been in this country to $5. The Bland act of February 28, 1878, authorized the coinage of the silver dollar, and restored its legal tender character. The latter provision is the law to-day. Silver dollars are a full legal tender for any amount and for any purpose, without exception.

Wages Under Free Coinage.

G. H. M., Fullerton, Neb., asks: "Why would wages go down and the things we would buy go up under free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1?"

The present standard of values is the gold dollar, and what it will buy is measured by the market value of the gold it contains.

The silver in the silver dollar is worth just about half what a gold dollar is worth.

To give silver unlimited free coinage at 16 to 1 would inevitably cause a change of standards. The new standard of values would be the silver dollar, and its purchasing power would be measured by the market value of the silver in it. The result would be that every merchant would simply double his prices when he was paid in silver. For instance, granulated sugar is selling at 21 pounds for $1 in Toledo to-day. Under free coinage, you could still get 21 pounds for a gold dollar, but if you paid in silver it would cost you $2. Everything else would double in nominal price.

But wages are always the first thing to go down in times of financial derangement, and the last to go up. This is the universal experience, and it would be so in this case. The men who work for wages or on salary would be the ones to lose. We never heard anybody state that "wages would go down," as you put it. The pensioner at $12 per month would get 12 silver dollars, or in paper, but it would buy only half as much. See?

Cleveland's Cabinet.

G. B. T., Enid, Okla., asks: "Please give the members of Cleveland's cabinet, and the States from which appointed."

Secretary of State—Richard Olney, Massachusetts.
Secretary of the Treasury—John G. Carlisle, Kentucky.
Secretary of War—Daniel S. Lamont, New York.
Attorney General—Judson Harmon, Ohio.
Postmaster General—William L. Wilson, West Virginia.
Secretary of the Navy—Hilary A. Herbert, Alabama.
Secretary of the Interior—Hoke Smith, Georgia.
Secretary of Agriculture—J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska.

The Huguenots.

R. H. F., Toledo, Ia., asks: "Who were the Huguenots, and why were they persecuted? Was it for political or religious acts or opinions?"

The term "Huguenots" was applied in France, in the eighteenth century to the followers of Calvin in that country. The persecutions were chiefly because of their religion. At that time, liberty of conscience was not yet secured to all. Calvin, it will be remembered, secured the burning of the reformer Servetus at the stake because of religious belief. Even to-day in this country, there is some intolerance shown by some people toward others who do not agree with them, especially toward infidels.

What "Free Coinage" Means.

M. S. L., Halstead, Kan., asks: "What is the true meaning of free coinage of silver at 16 to 1?"

It means this: To allow any one who has silver bullion to take it to the mint and have it coined into silver dollars; that these dollars shall be a full legal tender for all debts, in any amount, without exception (as is the case with silver dollars now); and that 16 grains, or ounces, or pounds, of silver shall be held equal in value to a grain, or ounce, or pound of gold. Read carefully all our articles on the silver question, especially the review of "Coin's" book, now running on the fifth page.

The Trade Dollar.

S. E. M., McBain, Mich., asks: "Will you inform me which contained the most silver, the trade dollar or our standard silver dollar?"

The trade dollar contained the most. The trade dollar weighed 420 grains; the standard dollar weighs 412 1-2 grains.

Powers of the House.

W. C., Flint, Ill., asks: "What four kinds of bills must originate in the House of Representatives?"

We know of no "four kinds of bills." Article 1, Sec. 7, clause 1 of the constitution says:

"All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments, as on other bills."

The practice of Congress has been to construe the phrase "raising revenues" to the levying of taxes. This is the only provision of the kind referred to in your question.

Mormons at Nauvoo.

A. J., Murray, Utah, asks "why the Mormons had to leave Nauvoo."

When the Mormons were driven out of Missouri, in 1838, they crossed over into Illinois and founded Nauvoo. In a few years it had several thousand inhabitants, and in 1841 the foundations of the temple were laid. In 1838 Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, had persuaded several women to cohabit with him, calling them his "spiritual wives," although he had a lawful wife, marrying her in 1827. His wife became jealous of these women, and to pacify her Smith received, July 12, 1843, a revelation authorizing polygamy. This was whispered at Nauvoo, and created much scandal, and was strenuously denied in public. It was not until 1852 that the Mormon leaders published the revelation of 1843, and boldly avowed and defended polygamy.

Meantime, in 1843 and 1844, Smith made advances to so many women in Nauvoo asking them to become his "spiritual wives," that great uproar was created by the declarations of the women who refused him. Among those who repelled him and denounced him in public was Mrs. Foster, wife of Jos. Foster. Her husband, with Wm. Law and others whose wives had been solicited, renounced Mormonism and started a paper in Nauvoo called the Expositor. In its first number they printed the sworn affidavits of sixteen women, to the effect that Smith had endeavored to seduce them on the "spiritual wife" plea.

This caused great excitement, and on May 6, 1844, Smith and a party of his followers mobbed the Expositor office, destroyed the material and tore down the building. Foster and Law escaped to Carthage, the county seat, and obtained warrants against Smith, his brother Hyrum, and sixteen others. Smith refused arrest, and the militia was called out, but the governor persuaded the Smiths to surrender. They were put in Carthage jail, which was guarded. On the evening of June 27 the jail was mobbed, and Joseph and Hyrum Smith both shot dead.

In 1845 the charter of Nauvoo was repealed by the Illinois legislature, and early the next year a considerable number of the Mormons went to Council Bluffs, Iowa. Those who remained in Nauvoo became involved in trouble with the surrounding people, and in September, 1846, the city was cannonaded for three days, and the Mormons driven out at the point of the bayonet. They went to Council Bluffs, and thence, in 1848, went to Utah.

These are the historical facts concerning Nauvoo, and can not be disputed.

Miscellaneous.

H. M. B., Milton, Pa: We do not know the name of the executive officer of Cooper Institute. Address a letter to "President Board of Trustees of Cooper Institute, New York, N. Y."

A. G. T., Barnesville, Kas.: "Trilby" is a novel, written by George Du Maurier, an English writer. The race track you speak of is near Chicago, just over the line in Indiana, and at the little town of Roby, and efforts are making to suppress it because of the pool selling. Please observe the above rules strictly.

A Depreciated Moon.

"Young man," said the Colorado editor, "you're a good poet, but you can't write for this paper."

"Why not?"

"You lack judgment. At the threshold of an opportunity your discretion deserts you."

"I must confess I don't quite follow you."

"In this poem you refer to the glories of the golden moon."

"Yes."

"You could just as easily have made it 'silver moon.' It wouldn't have injured the sense or the meter in the slightest. And—you—didn't—do—it."—Washington Star.

Disappointment.

Mrs. Trott—Oh, I only went into town on a shopping tour.

Mrs. Streete—Did you? Tell me all about it; did you have a real good time?

Mrs. Trott—Not at all, I found what I wanted in the very first store I went into.

Mrs. Streete—How provoking!—Boston Transcript.

The Unvarnished Fact.

He—"Arctic explorers are the safest men in the world to trust yourself to."

She—"Why so?"

He (with a haw haw)—"They are always cool in the time of greatest danger."—Detroit Free Press.

MY SISTERS,

I Send You Comforting Words.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

"For years I had suffered from falling of the womb, inflammation of the stomach, and weakness of the female organs.

"I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found a perfect cure in it for these troubles.

"I am now going through the change of life, and taking the Compound. I find it strengthens me, and does much good. If Every woman at this stage of life would take it, they would find much relief."—MRS. LIZZIE DECLERE, 224 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

AGGRESSIVE RUSSIA.

The Greedy Power Longing for the Possession of Norwegian Territory.

Ever since the rearrangement of the map of Europe after the Napoleonic wars the boundary between Russia and Norway has remained fixed and stationary. If an atlas be consulted, it will be noticed that in one district, in the extreme north of Norrland, Russian territory reaches to within a few miles of the Varanger Fjord, a narrow strip only of Norwegian territory intervening between it and the coast. This fjord contains many fine harbors, which are free from ice all the year round; just such harbors as Russia has always coveted. Under present conditions, Russia's navy in time of war would have to base its operations from three inland seas, two of which are rendered unnavigable by ice during the winter months. It will be easy to realize what an accession to Russia's naval strength the acquisition of such an open port on the North Sea would be.

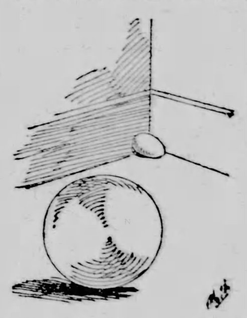
Although Russia during a period of eighty years has made no openly aggressive movement against Norway, she has nevertheless pursued her well-known methods of preparing a way beforehand. She has done all within her power to encourage her subjects to emigrate into Norrland and settle there, with the result that there are at the present date considerable numbers of Russian Finns inhabiting the neighborhood of the Varanger. She has also, with the permission of Norway, "bien entendu," constructed a railway which connects Russia with the eastern margin of the fjord.

Should the Norwegian separatists get their way, a step, and a very important one, would be gained by Russia. Members of the party have before now openly advocated the surrender of the Varanger Fjord to Russia. It has even been suspected that they may have entered into negotiations, with a view to ascertaining if Russia were willing to lend them her support in their efforts to obtain separation, and offering the fjord as the price to be paid for it. But this is not all. At the time of the formation of the union between Sweden and Norway, England, Prussia and Austria guaranteed the integrity of Norway. Thus, as things are now situated, any act of aggression on the part of Russia against Norland might and probably would be treated by the guaranteeing powers as a casus belli. But, in the event of the union being repealed, this treaty guarantee would no longer hold good, and thus another obstacle in the way of Russia would be removed.—The Fortnightly Review.

An Egg and a Cannon-Ball.

A certain magician held up before his audience an egg and a cannon ball, and after expatiating on the strength of a perfect arch, and, still more, of a perfect dome, remarked that few people know how strong an egg is.

In proof of that, he said that he purposed placing the egg, without cover-



ing of any kind, in such a position that no one could break it with the cannon-ball.

The accompanying illustration shows how he did it. Snugly ensconced in a corner of the room, it was safe from all the attacks of the ball, for the sides of the wall gave it absolute protection.

Did You Ever Think

That you cannot be well unless you have pure, rich blood? If you are weak, tired, languid and all run down, it is because your blood is impoverished and lacks vitality. These troubles may be overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure, rich blood. It is, in truth the great blood purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

HOT WEATHER SMILES.

Lawyer Quibble—What was the greatest trial you ever presided over, judge?

Judge Kibby—Bringing up ten daughters, sir!—Biddeford Record.

"Why do you pass so short a time at each watering place?"

"Because I don't want the lady guests at the hotel to say 'She's worn that dress before.'"—Syracuse Post.

Drizzle—I hear that you are going to put up a new building on this corner sometime.

Chizzle—That's very true; but I can't understand how you managed to get the date so exact.—Roxbury Gazette.

Here's the lady you live with:

Bridget—Mr. Bildad, yer wife come into the kitchen this morning and insoulted me, an' it's wan of two things—either she laves this house or I does.—Biddeford Record.

Mr. Bronston—Where is the dessert, my dear?

Mrs. Bronston—The pastry cook has left. You'll have to be satisfied with kisses for dessert to-day.

Mr. Bronston—All right. Bring on your French maid.—New York Weekly.

A teacher was recently lecturing his class of small boys about the errors of speech. "Now, to speak of molasses in the plural is shocking," he said. "Think of a person's saying them molasses."

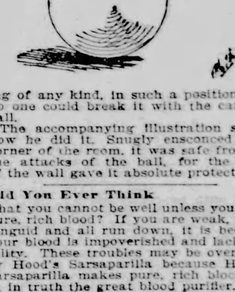
"Please sir, I always say those," timidly remarked little Jimmie.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Strictly to the point was the evidence of a woman in Maine who was striving to prove an alibi for a boy in a horse stealing case. A witness testified that he had seen the boy in the village that day, when the woman sprang from her seat and cried: "He wa'n't out nuther! His pants was hangin on the clo'es line all day!"—The Argonaut.

The bloomers that bloom in the spring,
Tra-la,
Are a weird and wonderful sight,
With puffs like a parachute wing,
Tra-la,
And the legs a ridiculous thing,
Tra-la,
Till horses shy off in affright!
Till horses shy off in affright!
An' that's what we mean when we scornfully sing.
"Get onto the bloomers that bloom in the spring."
Tra-la-la-la-la-la,
Tra-la-la-la-la,
—Rockland Tribune.

The Captive Scissors.

Fasten a piece of double twine to a pair of scissors, as shown in the accom-



panying illustration, and release the scissors without cutting the twine. It may be done quite easily.

How Fido Bloomers.

"Mother," said the emancipated woman's boy, "it isn't proper to say pants" "Certainly not. There are many substitutes for the word that are far more elegant."

The boy played on with the dog in silence for a while, and then, looking up into her face said:

"Mother;"

"What is it?"

"Don't you think it's dreadful?"

"What, dear?"

"The way Fido bloomers this warm weather."—Washington Star.

Followers of the Razor.

Fifteen years ago there were 44,551 barbers in the United States.—St. Louis Republic.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Pumpkin Vines Wilt—Young Turkeys Die.

S. H. M., Pennsylvania: The pumpkin vine is attacked by an insect which deposits eggs in the vine. The vines wither and die. You will see a kind of swelling on the vine which may be opened with a sharp knife and the growing insect removed. Some people use fine dust from a blacksmith shop to prevent the ravages of the insect or bugs, as the pumpkin is subject to attack from more than one kind of enemy. Young turkeys get roup, gapes and other diseases. Roup is the result of getting damp from rain or when the young turkeys run in wet grass in the morning. They should not be allowed to run out until the dew is off the grass, nor should they be kept where the ground is wet. Roup will spread through an entire flock, and it is necessary, as soon as the young turkey is seen to be sick, to remove it at once from the others and clean up the yard and coop thoroughly. Anoint the head with unsalted lard and keep the turkey in a dry place, free from draughts of air. Young turkeys frequently die from attacks of lice. In fact nine of ten young turkies die from attacks of large lice on the heads or mites on the body. Grease heads, necks and vents with unsalted lard, but do not put any under their wings, as it is dangerous. Do not use lamp oil as it is a bad thing. After being hatched no seed should be given to a young turkey for 24 hours. For the first week feed a mixture of one egg, beaten, and wheat middlings one part, ground meal one part, and corn meal one part, in which is sprinkled a pinch of salt. But little salt is necessary, although it should be used. Cook the above the same as you would bread, then crumble it for them with milk or curds, so that they can drink all they want. Feed every two hours. Too much boiled eggs causes bowel trouble. The second week feed on a mixture of corn meal, wheat middlings, ground oats, cooked. In this chip a little meat chopped fine, and onion. The tops of the onions may be used as well as the bulb, and the young turkeys like it. Cold rice or mashed potatoes are good. The feed should be given frequently. There is no fowl that can stand so little dampness as a young turkey. Remember this, and also that lice are fatal to the young turkey. For the body of the turkey, to kill mites, sprinkle with insect powder—Persian or Buhach. The hen should be sprinkled.

Quince Tree Not Healthy.

W. R., Pennsylvania: You must cut away all branches back to the healthy wood on the tips of the projections. The tree needs fertilizing. To do this properly, well-rotted man

Talmage's Sermon.

SUGGESTED BY THE DAWN OF RETURNING BUSINESS ACTIVITY.

"These Were Thy Merchants in All Sorts of Things."

New York, July 8—In his sermon for Sunday, Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his Western lecturing tour, chose a subject of universal interest, viz.: "Business Troubles," the text selected being Ezekiel xxvii., 24: "These were thy merchants in all sorts of things."

We are at the opening door of returning national prosperity. The coming crops, the re-establishment of public confidence, and, above all, the blessing of God, will turn in upon all sections of America the widest, greatest prosperity this country has ever seen. But the door of successes is not yet fully open, and thousands of business men are yet suffering from the distressing times through which we have been passing. Some of the best men in the land have faltered; men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work, and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies, and plead before heaven with all-availing prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and beneficent institutions they have fostered, will be their eulogy long after their banking institutions are forgotten. Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break, and will be millionaires forever. But I thought it would be appropriate today, and useful, for me to talk about the trials and temptations of our business men, and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it takes now three or four times as much to do business well as once it did. Once, a few hundred dollars were turned into goods—the merchant would be his own storekeeper, his own salesman, his own bookkeeper, he would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come; costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men; and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital, they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction. This temptation of men of limited capital comes to men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation.

They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard dun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. They blanched at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise, and that there are Waterloos of the counter, and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick. Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy, and down when they wanted to sell, and unsalable goods were on the shelf, and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenance overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Despondency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trudging along. I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break." The small craft that could have stood the stream, is put out beyond the light-house, on the great sea of speculation. He borrows a few thousand dollars from friends who dare not refuse him, and he goes bartering on a large scale. He reasons in this way: "Perhaps I may succeed, and if I don't I will be no worse off than I am now, for a hundred thousand dollars taken from nothing nothing remains." Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of Western land. Some man from the East, living on a fat homestead, meets this gambler of fortune, and is persuaded to trade off his estate for lots in a Western city with large avenues and costly palaces, and lake steamers smoking at the wharves, and railroad trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper! The city has never been built, nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. Well, the man goes on, stepping at no fraud or outrage. In his splendid equipage he dashes past, while the honest laborer looks up, and says, "I wonder where that man got all his money?" After a while the bubble bursts. Creditors rush in. The law clutches, but finds nothing in its grasp. The men who were swindled say: "How I wish I could know I could have been deceived by that man;" and the pictorials, in handsome wood cuts, set forth the hero who in ten years had genius enough to fall for $150,000.

And that is the process by which many have been tempted through limitation of capital to rush into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated. I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest acumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on, and rejoice when they reach the goal, but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come, through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise, it is the duty of the church of God, and the ministers of religion, and the friends of all young men, to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Again, a great many of our business men are tempted to over anxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are overdone in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes, if it only comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more means and less conscience, and if an opportunity of accumulation be neglected one hour, some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness, nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss, and flushed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the tide of anxiety; for this wave of worldliness dashes clear over the churches, and leaves its foam on Bibles and prayer books. Men who are living on salaries, or by the cultivation of the soil, cannot understand the wear and tear of the body and mind to which our merchants are subjected, when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men, in middle life, into the grave. Their lives dashed out against money safes. They go with their store on their backs. They trudge like camels, sweating, from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by carking cares, they are so many suicides. Oh! I wish I could to-day rub out some of these lines of care; that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I could give relaxation to some of these worn muscles. It is time for you to begin to take it a little easier. Do your best, and then trust God for the rest.

Do no fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and he manages them for the best. Consider the lilies—they always have robes. Behold the fowls of the air—they always have nests. Take a long breath. Bethink, betimes, that God did not make you for a packhorse. Dig yourselves out from among the hogsheads and shelves, and in the light of the holy Sabbath day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears, and your fretfulness, and your distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content. The merchant came home from the store. There had been a great disaster there. He opened the front door and said, in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined." His wife said: "I am left;" and the little child threw up its hands and said: "Papa, I am here." The aged grandmother, seated in the room, said: "Then you have all the promises of God beside, John." And he burst into tears and said: "God forgive me that I have been so ungrateful. I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

Again, I remark, that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often is it that the store and the home seem to clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon, when he has half an hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children, and chides them and corrects their faults, and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better, when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation.

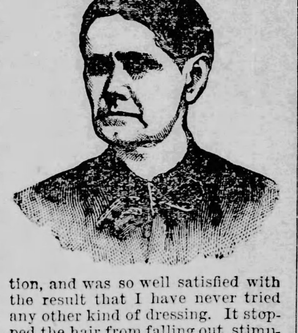
The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing at all, it is cut off at both ends, and with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head, and he starts down the street, and before the family have arisen from the table he has bound up another bundle of goods, and says to the customer: "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir." A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children and giving them a drawing master and a music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who can not forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly the kite and trundle the hoop, and chase the ball, and jump the rope with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. If you want to keep your children away from places of sin you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons, and advocate reforms, and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin, unless you can make your home a brighter place on earth to them. Oh! gather all charms into your house. If you can afford it, bring books and pictures, and cheerful entertainments to the household. But, above all, teach those children not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day; and every day teach them that religion in a great gladness, that it throws chains of gold about the neck, that it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter; but that "her ways are the ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I sympathize with the work being done in many of our cities by which beautiful rooms are set apart by our Young Men's Christian associations, and I pray God to prosper them in all things. But I tell you there is something back of that and before that. We need more happy, consecrated, cheerful Christian homes everywhere.

Again, I remark, that a great many of our business men are tempted to put the attainment of money above the value of the soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money. The more you get of it, the better, if it comes honestly and goes usefully. For the lack of it, sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in the empty bread tray, and nakedness shivers for lack of clothes and fire. When I hear a man in canting tirade against money—a Christian man—as though it had no possible use on earth, and he had no interest in it at all, I come almost to think that the heaven that would be appropriate for him would be an everlasting poorhouse. While, my friends, we do admit there is such a thing as the lawful use of money—a profitable use of money—let us recognize also the fact that it can not glitter in the dark valley, that it can not pay our fare across the Jordan of death, that it can not unlock the gate of heaven. There are men in all ocupations who seem to act as though they thought that a pack of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a title to heaven, and as though gold would be a lawful tender in that place where it is so common that they make pavements out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incurruptible treasures.

Have you ever ciphered out in the rule of loss and gain the sum: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" However fine your apparel, the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made white in the blood of the lamb. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines strung in one carcanet. Seek after God, find his righteousness, and all shall be well here; all shall be well hereafter.

Some of you remember the shipwreck of the Central America. That noble steamer had, I think, about five hundred passengers aboard. Suddenly the storm came, and the surges trampled the decks and swung into the hatches, and there went up a hundred-voiced death-shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave. The pitching of the steamer as though it were leaping a mountain. The dismal flare of the signal rockets. The long cough of the steam pipes. The hiss of extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the wave! The steamer went not down without a struggle. As the passengers stationed themselves in rows, to bale out the vessel, hark to the thump of the buckets, as men unused to toil, with blistered hands and strained muscle, tug for their lives. There is a sail seen against the sky. The flash of the distress gun is noticed. Its voice heard not, for it is choked in the louder booming of the sea. A few passengers escaped; but the steamer gave one great lurch and was gone! So there are some men who sail on prosperously all life. All's well; all's well. But at last, some financial disaster comes; a euroclydon. Down they go; the bottom of the commercial sea is strewn with shattered hulks. But because your property goes do not let your soul go. Though all else perish, save that; for I have to tell you of a more stupendous shipwreck than that which I just mentioned. God launched this world six thousand years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals; but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and he will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril. But how many shall go down will never be known, until it shall be announced one day in heaven; the shipwreck of a world! So many millions saved! So many millions drowned! Oh! my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls.

TURNING GRAY
AND THREATENED
WITH BALDNESS
The Danger is Averted by Using
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR



"Nearly forty years ago, after some weeks of sickness, my hair turned gray and began falling out so rapidly that I was threatened with immediate baldness. Hearing Ayer's Hair Vigor highly spoken of, I commenced using this preparation, and was so well satisfied with the result that I have never tried any other kind of dressing. It stopped the hair from falling out, stimulated a new growth of hair, and kept the scalp free from dandruff. Only an occasional application is now needed to keep my hair of good, natural color. I never hesitate to recommend any of Ayer's medicines to my friends."—Mrs. H. M. HAIGHT, Avoca, Neb.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla Removes Pimples.

BRILLIANTS.

Oh, when the last reserves are called,
Then, banners all agleam,
The army of the disenthralled
Encamped beyond the stream,
Well, well may know, that far below,
Freedom still sounds her strain;
Telling as far as May winds blow,
Brave deeds are not in vain!
—James Riley.

Gashed with honorable scars
Lo! in glory's lap they lie,
If they fell, they fell like stars
Streaming glory through the sky.
—Anon.

April days are over!
O my gay young lover,
Forth we fare together
In the soft May weather;
Forth we wander, hand in hand,
Seeking an enchanted land
Underneath a smiling sky,
So blithely—thou and I!
—Margaret A. Dodge.

Well, you will write—this once. And have no fear
That I shall ever be a ghost to rise
And fright your image in another's eyes.
I say again—the past is dead. I lay
A stone upon the grave, and come away.
—Arthur Symons.

The heart's best treasures lie in secret mines,
As precious gems of earth are buried deepest;
The basest metal on the surface shines
And quick-moved feelings are least worth and cheapest.
—Household Words.

Is it for long this weary heart must beat,
Long that these lips must speak—these eyes must see
All things as dark, because they find not thee
Who, only, made the world around me sweet;
Is it for long?

Is it for long? I strive to think it best,
Since God hath willed—this weary waiting here
And yet, and yet, O heaven that bends so near!
O joys that wait me in that place of rest!
Is it for long?
—Margaret A. Dodge.

To-day 'tis Spring; the hawthorn tree
Is green with buds; to-day maybe
She whom I think of thinks of me,
And finds the thought enough;
And when those buds are grown to leaves,
The thought wherein she scarce believes
Will grow perhaps to love.
—Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

Love me as thou mayst love the silvery light
Of some far, shimmering moonbeam faint and small,
That glides across thy foot on summer night,
O love, but do not love me not at all!

Love me as thou didst love, a little child,
The grasses on the meadow high and tall,
Or blossoms in the forest, sweet and wild—
O love, but do not love me not at all!
—Stuart Sterne.

—"I have used Hood's Pills, and have found them the best I have ever taken." D. L. Pinkerton, Ashtabula Harbor, O.

A Suggestion.

Among other stories told of the late William Travers is the following:

He one day met a very bald-headed friend, who, after some conversation, asked Travers's advice in regard to a costume for an approaching fancy dress party.

No sooner had the question been asked than Travers replied: "Wh-wy-why d-d-don't you p-p-put some sh-sh-sh-sugar on your h-h-h-head, and g-g-go as a p-p-p-pill?"—Boston Budget.

When Greek Meets Greek.

Breadstuff, the Baker—The expressman left your package at my place by mistake.

Duneup, the Laundryman—So? What did they contain?

"Hydrochloric acid and pumice stone."

"Not mine. By the way, three parcels of your stuff were left at my laundry this morning."

"You don't say. What was in 'em?"

"Alum, glucose and oleomargarine."

Twenty minutes later they meet face to face at the complaint window of the express company.—Washington News.

A Treasure.

Tom—I have seen the girl I want to marry. I stood behind her at the window this morning, and it took her seven minutes to buy a 5 cent elevated railroad ticket.

Kitty—Did that make you want to marry her?

Tom—Yes; I figured she could never spend my income at that rate.—Brooklyn Life.

—Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers is the best, handiest, safest, surest, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory dye ever invented. It is the gentlemen's favorite.

AN INDIANA GROGGERY.

SALOON BUILT AND OCCUPIED LIKE A FORT.

How It Was Fought With Dynamite and Fire.

"Wills's Wonder," 'the queerest saloon, probably, in the United States, is about to close after a six years' war with the 124 voters of the village of Burlington, Ind. The fight had been bitter and vengeful and the proprietor, after losing all his money, acknowledged his defeat and will, according to a special to the San Francisco Chronicle, walk out of his saloon on the day that his license expires.

It is doubtful if there can be found upon the face of the inhabited globe another such remarkable, forlorn and desolate appearing place as "Wills's Wonder." Everything is as plain and coarse as lack of skill and taste can

WILL'S WONDER.

make it. The bar itself is merely a long, wide board nailed upon the ends of two inverted barrels, while the ice chest was originally a cupboard.

Six years ago when a saloon was first started in Burlington, the place was decent looking enough. Pete Graham owned the building, and a young man named Edmunson undertook to run the bar. The sentiment against a groggery has always been marked in the community, and trouble was a natural result. When Edmunson and Graham proposed it there was a vigorous protest and a general uprising. A remonstrance was circulated in the township and 120 out of 124 resident voters signed it. But Graham was determined. After the county commissioners had denied him a license he took an appeal to the Circuit court and secured the permit.

He hardly had the building begun when parties came by night and tore it down faster than it could be built by day, and armed guards finally had to be put on duty that the carpenters might finish their work. This, as the doctors say, was but a premonitory symptom. The first mail that Landlord Edmunson received behind his new bar brought a "White Cap" notice adorned with skull and cross bones, done in red ink. Edmunson read the warning to a group of loafers, chuckling at the most threatening passages.

When he had finished he turned about to get the opinions of the crowd, and, to his great astonishment, found every seat deserted save one. The occupant of that solitary chair was too drunk to hear or move.

That night there was a deafening report, a vibration of the earth and Edmunson's bed went down with a rattle. He joined the crowd running toward the side of the saloon and found where his place had stood only a huge hole in the ground. Dynamite had removed the new groggery.

Then Edmunson went home and rested easier until Graham collected the insurance money and had the place rebuilt. He was afraid to try it again, and was secretly happy when a mysterious fire broke out in the saloon one night afterward and burned the building to the ground.

Graham next built an enclosed beer garden. A riot followed the opening of that. A masked mob looted the place, demolished the furniture, broke down the doors and emptied the liquor into the streets. Clubs and stones

THE PROPRIETOR.

were wielded with effect, and several shots were exchanged, but no one could be found the next day who participated in the sensational affair. A month later another artificial earthquake started the gin mill on another aerial flight. The next time the saloon was fitted up it was burned.

Then Bert Wills came upon the scene. He and Graham had talked the scheme over, and the result was "Wills's Wonder." It has proved a great drawing card for Burlington. Every bright Sunday brings a score or more of vehicles down the solitary street. All of them draw up in front of the saloon, that their occupants may quench their curiosity. People drive from all the railroad stations near by to inspect the unique resort, and to discuss its eventful career. Its style may be described as that of a frontier fort of colonial days. Loopholes were cut in the double walls instead of windows, and a palisade was erected about the building in a rectangular form.

The modern feature of a burglar alarm was added, the wires of which surrounded the entire enclosure, and gave instant warning of any tampering with the walls. By night a savage bulldog guarded the gate, and the crowning touch was added by the storing of a large quantity of dynamite directly under the saloon.

There was no secret whatever about this feature, and it kept the opposition guessing for quite a while. It effectually prevented any further deeds of violence, for there was said to be enough of the explosive on the premises to blow up the whole town, should it ever be touched off. Wills was not molested for a full fortnight.

Then the enemy took a new tack and brought him into the courts. He was compelled to fight an application for a renewal of his license through to the highest court, and was meanwhile subjected to arrest upon various charges. The inevitable result appeared to be bankruptcy, if the fight should last long enough, and there were no doubts entertained on that score. Then his bartender stabbed a man, and that fanned the excitement to fever heat. Wills decided to quit.

It will be little trouble, as Wills says, to move. All he will do will be to walk out of the place. A celebration is to be held, after which a committee is going to remove the stock of dynamite and then set fire to the building. A series of revival services will follow.

Economical in the End.

It costs $24 a minute to fire the new Maxim gun, but it only takes about two minutes to wipe out everything in sight.—Kansas City Journal.

KIOTO'S CELEBRATION.

An Exhibition to Mark the Eleventh Centennial of a Japanese City.

The city of Kioto, in Japan, is now celebrating the eleventh centennial of its founding by the Emperor Kwammu. One of the features of the celebration is the Fourth National Industrial Exhibition of Japan. The exhibition buildings, together with a memorial temple which has been erected for the occasion, lie in an eastern part of the city, between the Kamo river and a range of hills. Okasaki is the name by which this part of the city is known. With famous temples to the north and east, and the Lake Biwa canal washing the other two sides, the site itself is a picture, a variegation of hills, waters and groves.

The anniversary is considered a national affair. Private contributions of over 200,000 yen were made toward the expenses and the emperor led the list of contributors with 25,000 yen. The celebration of the centennial occupied two days, the city was gorgeously decorated and there were dances, horse races, wrestlings, Aino dances, and other sports designed to give a picture of eleven centuries ago.

The Industrial exhibition is the fourth of its kind undertaken by the imperial government. The main buildings are five (in number, for manufactured articles, agricultural and forestry products, fishery products and implements, machinery and mechanical contrivances, and fine arts. An English prospectus, got up by the managers, says:

"The city of Kioto is itself an exhibition. It is an old Japan least affected by the nineteenth century civilization. Mountains bound on all sides, it opens only toward the south, where the Tokaido railroad has made a sharp bend to make its call at the old capital of the Mikado. It is a city, not of seven hills, but of 36 peaks, with the antiquities not much inferior to those of the city on the Tiber, but with scenic glories far superior. The Hiiyei with its train of the eastern hills watches the city on her 'devil gate' direction, and the Atago, reigns supreme on her western border pierced by the canon of the Hotzu river. The Hira is the king of the northern heights, his rounded head, hoary with snow till late in spring, a bulwark against the Siberian cold, and an interceptor of its snow-bearing wind.

"What Rome is to Europe, Kioto is to Japan, and its ambitious appellation of 'the Rome of the East' is not inappropriate, seeing that the nation now promises to be the leading power in that part of the world.

"Kioto's situation is neither for commerce nor agriculture. Nature has designed her for arts, and from the very day of her birth she has reflected in her produce the picturesqueness of her environs.

"Though not directly connected with the celebration, there is one public work which is most interesting to see and examine. The same is the canal which conveys the water of the Lake Biwa to the precinct of the city, and through it to the navigable end of the River Uji at Fushimi. This gigantic engineering work has cost the citizens of Kioto some 1,550,000 yen, and was completed only three years ago under the leadership of its former energetic governor, his Excellency Kunimichi Kitagaki. The main trunk of the canal is about seven miles long, and pierces two ranges of mountains by three tunnels, one of which is over 8,000 feet long, and another 2,500 feet. The locks, the tunnels, the shafts, the embankments, the viaduct—all are splendid pieces of engineering skill, wholly executed by the native genius. An inclined railroad of 1,920 feet connects the hither end of the main trunk with the lower level of the canal as it flows into the city. A large electric plant near the foot of the incline operates the gear that raises and lowers canal boats from one level to the other, as well as a powerful electric motor by which the old capital is lighted.

"Due preparations have been made to afford special comfort and convenience to multitudes who will visit the city on this memorable occasion. Many of its streets have been widened, bridges rebuilt, new carriage roads constructed, and, above all, a line of electric cars has been laid between the depot and the exhibition ground. The hygienic state of the city has been carefully looked after, and all necessary measures have been taken to meet any possible outburst of epidemic. Special arrangements have been made with the principal railroads and steamship lines of the country, and deductions of from 20 per cent upward have been promised, and foreigners having their consulates in any of the treaty ports are given through them special passports, whereby they are entitled to a year's free travel in any part of the country."

If you feel "All Played Out"

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It repairs broken nerve force, clears the brain and strengthens the stomach.

FATHER OF THE KIEL CANAL.

Sketch of the Career of a Plucky German Engineer.

The man to whom Germany owes most in connection with the great Kiel canal, opened last week, is Ober-Laurath Baensech, one of the most scholarly engineers in Europe. He is also an expert meteorologist. Many years ago he began the agitation for a canal to connect the Baltic and North seas. Count von Moltke opposed the project on military grounds and fought it bitterly. As a consequence Herr Banesch for years labored in vain for his pet idea. Plans which he submitted to the reichstag were rejected, but he gave the government no rest until given another chance. This he obtained through the interposition of powerful friends, who interested Emperor William I. and Bismarck in the matter. The engineers plans were once

ENGINEER BANESCH.

more laid before the reichstag. This was in 1873, and after long consideration the first steps were taken. Herr Banesch directed the enterprise from its inception until the notable display connected with the formal opening of the canal was made last week.

An Exhibition of Nerve.

The crowd was transfixed.

"And now," announced the lecturer, "this wonderful woman will close her thrilling entertainment by entering a den of mice who haven't tasted food a week, feed them raw meat and make them do tricks."

Not one of the multitude could move and not an eye was taken from the intrepid performer until the last heart sickening spectacle was at an end.—Detroit Tribune.

Journalistic Item.

"What do you publish a paper for, I'd like to know?" inquired a politician of a country editor.

"For $1 a year in advance, and you owe me for four years," was the reply.—Texas Siftings.

FITS CURED.

(*From U. S. Journal of Medicine.*)

Prof. W. H. Pooke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 30 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

The Sunday School.

Nadab and Abihu.

LESSON III, JULY 21, 1895.

Golden Text:—Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee.—Lev. 10:9.

LESSON TEXT.

(Lev. 10:1-11. Memory verses: 9:11.)

1. And Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer, and put fire therein, and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not.

2. And there went out fire from the Lord, and devoured them, and they died before the Lord.

3. Then Moses said unto Aaron, This is it that the Lord spake, saying, I will be sanctified in them that came nigh me, and before all the people I will be glorified. And Aaron held his peace.

4. And Moses called Mishael and Elizaphan, the sons of Uzziel the uncle of Aaron, and said unto them, Come near, carry your brethren from before the sanctuary out of the camp.

5. So they went near, and carried them in their coats out of the camp; as Moses had said.

6. And Moses said unto Aaron, and unto Eleazar and unto Ithamar, his sons, Uncover not your heads, neither rend your clothes; lest ye die, and lest wrath come upon all the people: but let your brethren, the whole house of Israel, bewail the burning which the Lord hath kindled.

7. And ye shall not go out from the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: for the anointing oil of the Lord is upon you. And they did according to the word of Moses.

8. And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying,

9. Do not drink wine or strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations:

10. And that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean;

11. And that ye may teach the children of Isreal all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hand of Moses.

Illustrative Applications.

The sons of Aaron . . . offered strange fire before the Lord, which he had not commanded them. And there came forth fire from before the Lord, and devoured them (vs. 1, 2). There is only one way of obeying God, and that is by doing just as God tells us to do. Satan began the trial of improving on God's commandments in the Garden of Eden. Cain followed up the idea, and substituted the fruit of his own toil for the designated lamb, as a sinner's acceptable offering. Each of these attempts proved a curse as well as a failure; and so it will be to the end of time. The sons of Aaron were consecrated priests when they offered other fire on God's altar than that which God had commanded. Saul was anointed king over the Lord's people when he offered sheep and oxen contrary to the command of God. Both priests and king were punished of God for their disobedience in failing to worship God in God's commanded way. God is the same God to-day as then. His commands concerning worship are as binding now as four thousand years ago—binding on theological professors, preachers and Bible class teachers. It is not enough to proffer an offering to God in worship; you must worship him according to his commandments, or you must take the consequences of your disobedience. It is important, then, that you know what is God's law concerning his day, his house, his word, his worship. Your eternal interests hang on your fidelity in little things as well as in great.

The Lord spake, saying . . . Before all the people I will be glorified (v. 3). He who doubts the power or the purpose of the Lord to be glorified before all the people, will be in a worry over the researches of the scientists, or the heresy of the critics, or the failure of popular expectation concerning an answer to prayer in a case of world-wide prominence and interest. But he who believes in God, and believes the word of God, will never be disturbed by a new proclaimer of old infidel objections and of old infidel denials, or by a new test of the faith of God's people in the denying to them that which they ought not to have received. Such a man will simply stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. He will have no fear that the Lord will not be glorified before all the people, nor will he be disappointed.

Let not the hair of your heads go loose, neither rend your clothes (v. 6). There is such a thing as sinning through tenderness of feeling; and unless we are on the watch just here, we shall fall of being both just and merciful in our sympathies and in our conduct. When a great crime is committed, it is not a wise exhibit of tender feelings to dwell upon the peculiar temptations, and the peculiar weaknesses, and the unfortunate early disadvantages, of the brutal criminal, to a forgetfulness of the sufferings of the innocent victims, and of the tenderness which his crime has brought into one home and another. It is not that we are to take vengeance into our own hands, but that we are to refrain from mourning over the execution of justice. It is a sinful as well as a sickly sentimentalism which gives its tears to the criminal class in the community, instead of to those who are wronged through crime. The prevalence of this sentimentalism is one of the stimulating causes of crime. There is need of the re-eching of the words of God to his people over the displays of his justice. "Let not the hair of your heads go loose, neither rend your clothes (in mourning over the evil-doers) but let . . . the whole house of Israel bewail the burning which the Lord hath kindled." Let the crime be mourned over, but not the criminal—as a criminal.

Drink no wine, nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tent of meeting, that ye die not (v. 9). That sounds very much like a total abstinence injunction, so far as the priests were concerned. There is no suggestion there about moderate drinking, about using the good things of God temperately, and all that sentimental bosh of preachers and teachers who love liquor too well to give it up for their own sakes or for other people's sake! Now, this injunction, just as it stands, may not seem to apply directly to common laymen, but it does make a clean sweep in the priestly ranks. Some of the institutions for the priesthood were of temporary duration; but of this prohibition of wine it was said, "It shall be a statute forever throughout your generations." So far for the priestly order. As for other people—if the priests are not to be trusted with just a glass of native wine before they go to church, who can say that he is to be trusted to take it with entire safety? If the priests ought to let wine alone, who can dabble with it harmlessly?

That ye may put difference between the holy and the common, and between the unclean and the clean; and that ye may teach the children of Israel (vs. 10, 11). It is one of the attractions of a glass of wine to those who like it, that it gives a different color to everything the drinker looks at, just so soon as it has any effect at all. If there was no effect from wine drinking, there would be no temptation to drink wine. But so soon as the wine takes hold of the brain, the brain takes hold with a new grip of everything it thinks of. Memory is keener, anticipation is brighter, and the present is a great deal livelier. Everybody in sight or in thought looks brighter, too. This isn't so bad a world as it seemed an hour ago! "When the wine is in the wit is out." What does a man under the influence of champagne know of sharp distinctions in morals, or in social life, or in logic? The inspired teacher was never more clearly inspired than when that teacher wrote, "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted." And it was God himself who insisted that priests should let wine and strong drink alone, lest they should fail to know the difference between holy and unholy, clean and unclean, and lest they should be unable to teach the truth aright. If you want to know what is right, and be able to teach others to know and do right, do you let wine and strong drink alone—before you go to church and after you come back from church. What is good enough for a king, and safe enough for a priest, can wisely be your choice wherever you are.—H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

IN ZEELAND ATTIRE

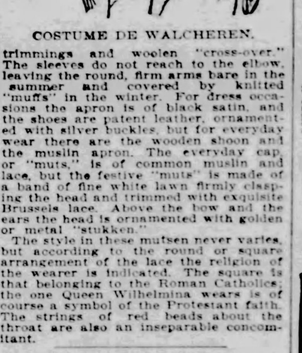
ONE OF THE PRETTY COSTUMES WORN BY HOLLAND'S QUEEN.

Photographed in a Dress Which Has Always Proved an Attraction.

Holland, the "Land of Pluck," is also the land of the picturesque. The sturdy people who have achieved one of the most prosperous countries in the world out of a swamp, are sturdily faithful to their national costume. The short, full skirts of the women, the "cross-over" bodices, the muts and stukken, are still cherished. The people of the Netherlands feel that "old things are best," and so, it seems, also thinks their little queen, who has been photographed in different costumes characteristic of the province. That she has done this has tended greatly to exalt her in the eyes of her subjects. They love their national costume; they cling to it; it is theirs; it is part of themselves. The little queen is wise beyond her years, and in the accompanying photograph is attired after the fashion of Zeeland, one of the lower of the eleven provinces of her country. It is the first time that the picture has ever been printed, those heretofore reproduced being always in the Friesland costume.

QUEEN WILHELMINA.

This particular costume was presented to the little Wilhelmina on the occasion of a recent visit to the "Orange Mannen," accompanied by the queen regent and suit. The Zeelanders are very fond of their young queen, and have always been strong adherents to the house of Orange. Thus her visit was made a regular ovation in their quiet way, and when the queen donned the costume presented to her and was actually photographed in it the enthusiasm of the staid Dutchmen reached its completest bounds. It is a dress which has always been one of the chief attractions to visiting strangers. Especially in the country places have the fashions endured unchangingly for generations. The petticoats are very full and moderately short, the bodice is of velvet, with jet trimmings and woolen "cross-over." The sleeves do not reach to the elbow, leaving the round, firm arms bare in the summer and covered by knitted "muffs" in the winter. For dress occasions the apron is of black satin, and the shoes are patent leather, ornamented with silver buckles, but for everyday wear there are the wooden shoes and the muslin apron. The everyday cap, or "muts," is of common muslin and lace, but the festive "muts" is made of a band of fine white lawn firmly clasping the head and trimmed with exquisite Brussels lace. Over the bow and at the ears the head is ornamented with golden or metal "stukken."



COSTUME DE WALCHEREN.

The style in these mutsen never varies, but according to the round or square arrangement of the lace the religion of the wearer is indicated. The square is that belonging to the Roman Catholics, the one Queen Wilhelmina wears is of course a symbol of the Protestant faith. The strings of red beads about the throat are also an inseparable concomitant.

What's SOZODONT? 'Tis this you ask.
To answer is an easy task—
It is a liquid soft and sweet,
Which keeps teeth healthy, white and neat;
Which makes the rosy gums endure,
And renders breath like roses, pure.

A DOCTOR'S OPINION.

Incidents Related Showing the Great Power of Imagination.

Concerning their own ailments, an astonishing number of people are led astray by the imagination. Not long ago a lady came to see me professionally for the first time. She told me that her vision was very bad. Her eyes looked all right, and I tried her sight by means of printed letters of various sizes. From across the room she was unable to see even the biggest of the letters. I put a pair of glasses in front of her eyes, and she declared that she could see much better—could read all of the letters, down to the very smallest. "This is certainly very surprising, madam," I said. "The spectacles which have helped your sight so much are nothing but common window glass." Naturally she was much astonished, and would not believe me at first. But I convinced her at length that her trouble was entirely imaginary, and she went away in a decidedly pleased state of mind.

It does not always do, however, to be so frank with victims of such hallucinations. One of my regular patients came to me in a state of great excitement. She was convinced that something was the matter with her brain, because her head was tender on one side. By chance I happened to notice that her hair was arranged in a way different from her customary fashion, and doubtless that was the reason for the soreness. Most women have noticed that to part the hair in a new place, turning it in another direction, makes the head sensitive for a time. I said nothing about this to my patient, save to suggest that she should wear her hair in the old fashion. I gave her a prescription for something harmless. Nothing more was needed. —Scottish American.

An Enthusiast.

"Young man," said the fond father, "in giving you my daughter, I have intrusted you with the dearest treasure of my life."

The young man was duly impressed. Then he looked at his watch. "Really," he remarked, "I had no idea it was so late. The cars have stopped. Could I borrow your wheel to get down town?"

Young man, I would not trust anybody on earth with that wheel."—Indianapolis Journal.

What Oregon Produces.

Oregon has 18,798 hands in her factories and makes every year $41,432,174 worth of goods.—Baltimore American.

BETTER THAN A GOLD MINE.

Are you honest, sober, industrious?—If so engage with us for 1895; $4.00 a month; $3,6.0 a year. You can make it easy; six hours a day. Our agents do not complain of hard times. Why? They are making money selling our Perfection Dish Washer, the only practical family washer manufactured. Washes, dries and polishes dishes perfectly in two minutes; no experience necessary; a child of 5 operates it easily; cheap and durable, weight 15 pounds; made of anti-rust s

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1895.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of r al interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 120,000

MORE PREMIUMS!

An Additional Incentive for Raisers of Clubs in July.

The three-months' subscriptions during the last week came in very liberally, and we are entirely satisfied with the growth of our list this summer. Now that the Fourth of July is over, more of our friends will have time to raise clubs for us. It occurs to us to make another premium offer.

From this time on, until September 1, we will give AN EXTRA COPY of the Weekly Blade for three months, to those sending us a club of ten, who may prefer the extra subscription to a premium book. If the club raiser's name already on our subscription list, he may ask us to extend it for three months, instead of taking a premium book.

We think this will be a good reason for many thousands who have not yet sent us clubs of 10, to hustle and raise one.

This will in no wise interfere with participation in our grand prize offers, but it will pay those who do not care to make an effort for one of the larger prizes, because they will get value received for their small clubs as they send them in. We desire, especially, clubs from those places where none as yet have been raised, and we hope that all of our friends will send us at least one club during the present month.

We ask EVERYBODY to send us a list of names to whom we may send specimen copies. All of our readers have at least time to do us this favor.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

A HAPPY IDEA FOR ALL OUR CLUB RAISERS.

These Prize Offers Do Not Conflict With the Offer Elsewhere.

Scores of our subscribers write us that it is very exciting and interesting to take three months' subscriptions to the Weekly Blade at ten cents. They start out to raise a club of ten, and usually become so interested in the work that they secure fifty, one hundred or even more names the first day. Then they continue the work to see what they can really do.

We notice that a number of club-raisers are selecting books consecutively, beginning with No. 1 on the list. This shows that they have an idea of sending in names enough to get the entire series of books, or else are interested to see how high up in the list they will get before September 1.

This is a good idea, and we are determined to encourage it. Therefore, we propose to announce another list of ten prizes, which will in no wise conflict with the other, but will be in addition thereto. By this we mean that it will be possible for any one person to obtain a prize from both lists.

First—We offer a Blade sewing machine to every person who will secure, during the three summer months, the whole list of sixty-eight books as premiums. This premium is worth $18.

Second—We offer a hunting-cased gold watch—described as No. 1 in The Blade list—worth $15.75, to every person who will secure, during the same time sixty premium books.

Third—We offer a hunting-cased coin silver watch—described as No. 27 in the Blade list—worth $10, to every person who will secure 58 premium books.

Fourth—We offer a Blade china dinner set, 108 pieces, valued at $9.25, to every person who will secure 56 premium books.

Fifth—We offer an open-faced coin silver watch—described as No. 26 in the Blade list—valued at $6.50, to every person who will secure 50 premium books.

Sixth—We offer an open-faced nickel silver Elgin watch—described as No. 4 in the Blade watch list—valued at $5.50, to any person who will secure 48 premium books.

Seventh—We offer one dozen of table knives, described in the Blade list, and valued at $4.25, to any person who will secure 45 premium books.

Eighth—We offer one Blade china tea set, 56 pieces, valued at $4.00, to any person who will secure 43 premium books.

Ninth—We offer one dozen nickel table spoons, described in the Blade list, valued at $2.25, to any person who will secure 40 premium books.

Tenth—We offer one dozen nickel tea spoons, as described in the Blade list, valued at $1.25, to any person who will secure 30 premium books.

We call particular attention to the fact that the above offers are NOT merely offered to the FIRST persons securing the above number of books, but to ALL who reach the required number. This offer, therefore, does not mean merely ten prizes, but it may possibly mean 100 prizes, as we apprehend a very large number will, during the season, secure the above prizes.

Be SURE and number your lists of names consecutively, so that we can tell, at a glance, how your list stands on September 1. Many of our readers are already advanced toward some of the above premiums, and hundreds more can very easily secure the same prizes, if they go at the work at once.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We desire to send specimen copies of the Weekly Blade to thousands who are not regular subscribers. We want everybody to know the special features announced for publication this summer, as well as the low price we make for clubs. Will our readers please send us addresses of their friends to whom we can mail sample copies? And we desire especially those who want to raise clubs, to write us for all the specimens they need.

THE DOW LAW IN OHIO.

The Buckeye State, a Republican paper published at Lisbon, O., has been investigating the Dow liquor law of this state. It assumes that absolute prohibition is not in full accord with the sentiment of the majority of the people of the state—an indisputable fact. Then it takes the position that it remains for the friends of temperance to determine in what way such restraint can be placed upon the traffic as will lead to the most salutary results in the effort to reduce its evil effects to the minimum.

Examining the Dow law with this end in view, it finds that there is no provision as to the moral character or good reputation of those who pay the annual liquor tax under it. All that the law requires is that a stated sum shall be paid semi-yearly on or before a given date, no matter what sort of a reputation the seller bears. It finds—and correctly—that, as the law now stands, the only way that improper persons can be driven out of the occupation of saloon-keeping "is for the proper judicial power to declare the place where liquors are sold a nuisance to be abated; and all citizens even slighly acquainted with the operations of the law realize how difficult it is to secure such a decree from the courts, which can not act except upon the most conclusive evidence, and that, in most cases, it is impossible to obtain."

The real difficulty in the case is sufficiently clear. It is in that noted clause in the state constitution which declares no license to traffic in intoxicating liquors shall be granted in Ohio. Now, if a law were passed to empower the proper authority to pass upon the question whether any one who offered to pay the Dow tax was a proper person to be intrusted with the sale of intoxicants, it would most certainly be decided that this would constitute the Dow tax a license in effect. If the authorities select certain ones who are allowed to sell, and deny others who tender the tax, this certainly makes it in effect a licensing provision. License implies selection; a tax provision is open to any one who pays it.

The paper goes on to suggest that "an amendment empowering the common pleas court to declare that a person twice convicted of a violation of the law shall not further continue the traffic, either as principal or agent, would not contravene any constitutional provision, and it certainly would be an important step toward mitigating the evils that are universally recognized as being, to some degree, inseparable from the sale of intoxicants." With this we do not fully agree. One of the best lawyers in Ohio, to whom the suggestion has been submitted by The Blade, unhesitatingly gave it as his opinion that this would constitute a licensing provision, and thus be obnoxious to the constitutional clause referred to above.

The real obstacle to such legislation as is needed in this direction—and it is needed—is that constitutional provision. The first thing to do is to sweep it out of existence. It has been tried, but every effort has failed, because too many voters among the temperance people hold to the error that, in some way, it is an aid to temperance effort. It is not—it is an obstacle. Were it repealed, leaving the whole question with the state legislature, a step would really be taken in Ohio in aid of the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

The present is the season "between tides" in the business world. The spring trade is over, the fall trade not yet begun. But last week showed a steady distribution of manufactured products and a seasonable activity in the demand for goods. Better than this, the general enlargement of the working forces employed in our great industries still goes on, and within the week there was some advance in the wages of more than half a million men. This advance in wages is a most hopeful sign, for they are thus made the better able to buy the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life, and the increased buying in turn stimulates production.

Money is still in overabundant supply in the financial centers, notably New York, Boston and Chicago, but there is no effort to force funds into unnatural channels by making special interest rates. This is an evidence that the lessons of the past are still remembered, and that we are not, at least in the immediate future, to run into an era of rash speculation, to inevitably end in a crash. One of the features of the very low interest rates ruling in New York is the borrowing by a number of cities in that market, for periods running until next November or December. These loans are at very low rates and will be paid at tax-collecting time, thus fixing for a definite period a number of millions of dollars—which will be a factor in all calculations on the future course of the money market. While money still is moving to New York, the outflow will soon begin for the purpose of moving the crops, and by the end of the month this efflux will be active.

Call loans in New York ranged from 1 to 1 1-2 per cent, with some even higher, for an ordinary grade of collateral. Time money has been slow, at 1 1-2@2 per cent for 30 to 60 days; 2 per cent for 90 days to four months, and 2 1-2@3 per cent for five to seven months, on good stock exchange collateral.

Speculation in stocks was slow during the week. "The "granger stocks" have not as yet responded freely to the improved crop conditions, and the market appears to be waiting developments. There is nothing in sight to depress prices, and the future must determine whether there will be an active rise or not.

The Kentucky Populists adopted a platform which calls for free and unlimited silver coinage; denounces the gold bugs, Republicans, Great Britain, bonds, Democrats, hard times and other things; calls for more greenbacks and reasserts the Omaha platform. One of the many absurdities of Populism is the demand for unlimited silver coinage, and also for greenbacks. If the fiat of the government gives value, why put any silver at all in the dollar? Why not have greenbacks, pure and simple? But no Populist seems to have intelligence enough to see even so plain a proposition as this.

The Pullman Company has just made a 10 per cent. increase in wages. It will be remembered that, a year ago, at the time of the great strike, the company made a showing to its employes that the business of the shops, at the prices then prevailing, did not warrant an advance, but that it should be granted as soon as business warranted it. That promise is now fulfilled, without any strike, or even any request from the men themselves. There is a lesson concealed in this fact if one is wise enough to see it.

SOME PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

A good deal of speculation is now being indulged in by sundry politicians and editors as to the possible results of a failure of the people to elect a President in the next Presidential election, but none of them seem to have stumbled upon the fact that such an incident might land Mr. Olney, the present Secretary of State, in the Presidential chair. Some able editors have reached the conclusion, evidently from a hasty reading of the constitution, that it might make Adlai E. Stevenson the next President, merely through failure of the House to elect, in case no candidate received a vote of the majority of the states and the Presidential election be thrown into that body. But, of course, that is out of the question; though the constitution does say that in case of the failure of the House to elect, "then the Vice President shall act as President," it refers to the Vice President who is to be elected by the Senate, while the House is struggling with the election of a President.

But suppose the Senate is unable to elect a Vice President? To be sure, the constitution provides that the Senate shall select only two names, those having the highest number of electoral votes, and shall vote for them for the Presidency. But it says that "a majority of the whole number" of votes in the Senate shall be necessary to a choice. The Senate will, by February of 1897, have 90 members, as Utah will doubtless have become a state and have a Senatorial representation before that date. If this happens, it would require 45 votes for one person before he could become Vice President. As the Republicans will have, at the most, no more than 45, and the Democrats no more than 40, it is not impossible that March 4, 1897, might be reached without the selection of a President by the House, or of a Vice President by the Senate, in case the election of these officers is thrown into those bodies by a failure to elect through the usual machinery of the electoral college.

What then? Of course, President Cleveland's term as President and Vice President Stevenson's term as Vice President, would expire on March 4. The constitution makes no further provision, evidently assuming that the Senate, with but two candidates before it, would elect one as Vice President. But, if the view that a majority of the whole membership is necessary to a choice is a correct one, it is quite possible that it might not so elect. Luckily, however, the law passed by the Forty-ninth Congress, providing for a successor to the Presidency in case of death or inability of the President, seems to provide a way out of the absolute chaos which this condition would seem to bring. It is generally held that a Cabinet officer's term does not end with the term of the man who appointed him, any more than does that of a postmaster or collector of customs. So, in such a case, the Cabinet officers would still be such in the eyes of the law, even after the expiration of President Cleveland's term. The "Presidential succession law" of the Forty-ninth Congress provides that in case of the death or inability or removal of the President and Vice President, the Secretary of State shall act as President until a successor be provided, and shall, within twenty days call a special session of Congress, presumably to provide for a special election. In case the office of Secretary of State becomes vacant, then the same duty devolves on the Secretary of the Treasury, and so on down the line of Cabinet officers.

So, there is just a possibility that, in case of a failure to elect a President by the usual process, and the division of House and Senate into three sections, that Secretary Olney might become President, or in his absence, Secretary Carlisle, or in his absence, Secretary Lamont, who would be the next in order of Presidential succession.

TRIED AND FOUND WANTING.

On June 28 ended the tenth month of the work of the new tariff law. And its record is indeed a sorry one. Although it went into operation with the whole country waiting to buy goods which it was expected to bring in lower rates, it shows for ten months smaller treasury receipts than did the McKinley law in the corresponding ten months of last year, and infinitely less than did the McKinley law in its first ten months. As a "record breaker" the Wilson law stands triumphant, but it is a record of badness, of an enormous deficiency. And this, too, in the face of smaller expenditures by the treasury than in the same period for many years.

Not for years have the expenditures been so low as during the months in which the Wilson law has been in operation, yet it presents as the net results of the ten months a deficit of $52,027,131, besides omitting to make the usual payment of $48,000,000 on the sinking fund. No month in the history of the treasury for a quarter of a century has shown such small receipts as did many of the months since the new law went into effect. Had it been compelled to meet the demands made upon the treasury under former tariff laws, the deficiency would have been many millions greater.

Free trade has not aided the prosperity of the English farming constituency. An article in the July number of the North American Review furnishes some interesting statistics bearing on the matter. There are 45 million acres of tillable land in the British Isles, and the average yield is 28 bushels per acre, as compared with 12.3 bushels in the United States. Yet at the time free trade was established in Great Britain, 97 per cent of the population were fed on English wheat, while in 1890 the crop supplied only 20 per cent of her people. The growth of population is the smaller factor in this decrease; the difference is mainly because of the decline in area sown. This year the British wheat area is but little over a million acres, while fifty years ago it was three and a half million acres.

The Philadelphia Record rescues from oblivion the name of the first man who made a Fourth of July oration. He was Dr. Theophilus Elmer, of Bridgeton, N. J., one of the most active and influential patriots in West Jersey. He had been one of the provincial congress to prepare the draft of the state constitution adopted July 2, 1776, and he was chairman of the Cumberland county committee of inspection when John Hancock's proclamation arrived with news of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. It was not until August 7th that Bridgeton celebrated that event, upon which occasion Dr. Elmer made his spirited address, and the peace officers' staves, on which was depicted the king's coat of arms, were burned in the street. All honor to the sturdy old patriot!

A FOUR-OAT "SURPLUS."

The Democratic triumph over the June "surplus" was short lived. The first four business days of July have more than destroyed that wonderful excess of receipts which the Treasury experts were able to figure out last month, and which was obtained by holding back the payments legitimately due.

In the four closing days of June the Treasury paid out $1,686,556. In the first four business days of July it paid out $11,647,000.

In the four closing days of last month it accumulated all of its alleged "surplus" of $3,988,445. In the four opening days of this month it has accumulated a deficiency of $6,888,424.

The average daily expenditures in the four closing days of last month were $466,189. The average daily expenditures of the four opening days of this month were $2,901,750.

The average daily expenditures this month have been four and one-half times as much as the four closing days of last month averaged, while the expenditures of July 5 alone were 28 times as much as those reported on June 30.

Here is financiering for you—an ability to snatch surplus from the jaws of deficiency and make a momentary record of prosperity from a condition of adversity. Could this ability have continued the present month might have been a happy one, for the internal revenue receipts in July should be heavy by reason of the payment of licenses due in July for the year's business. But unpaid bills would not be forever "stood off," and although it was possible to make a spurt for a surplus last month the effect is found in the heavy payments of this one.

For the first four business days of this month the expenditures are $11,647,000, the receipts $4,804,575, the deficiency $6,838,424. Had not the internal revenue receipts been unusually heavy, by reason of payment of annual licenses, the deficit of the four days would have been even heavier. It is rather interesting to compare the payments of the last four business days of last month with the first four of this month item by item. Here they are:

	Last Four Days of June.	First Four Days of July.
Civil and miscellaneous	$ 588,670	$ 2,031,000
War	225,642	585,000
Navy	117,240	250,000
Indians	46,424	65,000
Pensions	662,228	4,566,000
Interest	46,324	3,970,000
Total	$1,686,558	$11,647,000

BRICE AFTER THE PRESIDENCY.

A Washington city paper has discovered what has been well known in Ohio for at least two years past—that Calvin S Brice is seeking the Presidency. The Blade discussed the matter at that time, and pointed out the many indications going to show the trend of Brice's ambition. According to our Washington contemporary, Brice no longer conceals his ambition from his close personal friends. It goes on to say:

His programme is to make the play of his life for the Ohio legislature, and then, if he wins there, to go before the national convention as the biggest man in the Democratic party. He is building on the plea that he has a really fine soldier record; that he was the backbone of the Brice-Gorman-Smith combine that strangled the Wilson tariff bill, thereby saving the Democratic party from the shame of having to stand a treasury deficiency of $100,000,000 this year instead of $43,000,000; that he thereby proved himself smarter than every way abler than the President and his advisers; that the Senate measure was in reality a protection scheme, and that he is, in point of fact, a firm and fast friend of American industry.

He figures that he can win the legislature, even though the Republican candidate for governor should win by 30,000.

There is no doubt whatever that Senator Brice is a great political general, and that he has the utmost confidence in his ability to carry the next legislature. Should he do this he will certainly occupy a most commanding position in the eyes of the Democrats throughout the entire country.

One thing is certain, the close friends of Senator Brice in this city have the most implicit faith in his ability to carry the next legislature, and they believe that he will be chosen as the standard bearer of the Democracy in 186.

To put it briefly, Mr. Brice is posing as that "good Western man, with a soldier record."

If these be the ideal qualifications for the next Democratic Presidential candidate, Brice possesses neither of them. He is a "Western man" only in the sense of having been born in Ohio. He has not been a resident of this state for many years. His home has long been in Fifth avenue, New York city; his business office is in the building, No. 10 Wall street. He comes to Ohio once in a while on business connected with his railroad interests, the same as he goes to Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia when Richmond Terminal affairs require his presence there. His interests and affiliations are in New York, not in Ohio; he is an Eastern, not a Western, man.

Nor is his claim to a fine army record any better founded. He enlisted in the 100-days' service near the end of the war, but so far as we can find, he never participated in a battle. We are quite willing to give him credit for anything in his 100-day career, but when men speak of a Presidential candidate with a good soldier record they mean a record of years, not of days; of marches and campaigns, of battles and seiges, of laurels earned by bravery in battle, by skill in strategy, by the display of talent in camp and field. Mr. Brice's record embraces none of these essentials.

It will be noted that in the above extract great stress is laid on Brice's ability to carry the Ohio General Assembly this year. Translated into ordinary speech, the word "ability" means "boodle," and the assertion is that Brice believes he can buy the election of a majority in that body at the polls next November. We doubt his ability to do it. No one knows better how to use money in politics than Brice; but we believe he overestimates its potency. If his obtaining the Democratic nomination next year depends upon his re-election to the Senate, he is certainly doomed to a severe disappointment.

According to the New York Daily Stockholder, at the semi-annual settlement of July 1 this year, interest became due on bonds having a par value of nearly two and a half billion dollars, the amount of such interest being $50,474,192. In 1893 the par value was four hundred millions more and the payments ten millions more. On stocks having a par value of $886,014,251 dividends were paid on July 1 to the amount of $19,902,816. The total disbursements due on these accounts exceeded seventy million dollars.

Now that Hon. John W. Foster has finished his work with China and Japan he is open to a peace bid from Ohio Democrats.

The railroads are showing solid gains in their gross earnings. The business revival is telling all along the line.

Hon. Wat Hardin is riding for a fall in the Kentucky political Derby.

THREE PAPERS ON THE SILVER QUESTION.

We take pleasure in saying that the arrangements for the discussion of the great currency issue, which is now at the front in the popular mind, are progressing rapidly, and will soon be completed.

The question must be settled.

It must be settled right.

We all know that sometimes a theory is very attractive, yet when put in practice it fails utterly. Did any voter who felt impelled in 1892 to vote for Cleveland and free trade imagine that the brilliant theory would prove to be the means of bringing the two years of distress and hard times from which we are now slowly emerging?

So, when we say the silver question must be settled right, we mean that it must be settled in the interest of the welfare and prosperity of the whole people.

As it is to be settled by the votes of the people, it is an absolute necessity that the voters shall understand the question—shall study both sides—shall weigh carefully the arguments pro and con—so that they may vote intelligently, and with a full understanding of what the results will be.

Is not this the correct view?

To give the people the complete argument on both sides of the question is what we propose to do. And we expect to keep the discussion free from abuse and low appeals to passion or prejudice.

Our idea is to present articles written expressly for The Blade, by leading publicists and statesmen, all persons of national reputation, each of whom will present his views, in plain language for plain people, on this important question.

We are able to-day to announce the titles of three of the papers. The first is called

"THE SILVER QUESTION."

It is from the pen of Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, who is an eminent authority on economic topics, both in this country and in the Old World. His writings are deemed of the highest authority, and received with respect by all.

The second article is described fully by its title. It is called

"INTERNATIONAL BIMETALLISM,"

And will discuss the possibilities of bimetallism by international arrangement. It is written by Mr. WM. DODSWORTH, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, the leading commercial periodical of the United States.

The third article is entitled

"THE EFFECT OF FREE COINAGE AT 16 TO 1,"

And it is from the pen of the Hon. A. B. HEPBURN, formerly comptroller of the Treasury of the United States, and now President of the Third National Bank of New York city. Mr. Hepburn is an authority on financial matters, and he discusses the question from the business man's standpoint.

Besides the above, we are promised articles by the following gentlemen:

HON. WM. L. STRONG, of New York City, the Republican reform mayor of that metropolis—who is an Ohio man, of course.

HON. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, Secretary of the Treasury during Cleveland's first administration.

HON. CARL SCHURZ, the noted soldier and statesman, who needs no introduction to any American or to any lover of freedom.

HON. JOHN DEWITT WARNER, ex-Representative in Congress from one of the New York city districts, and widely known as an aggressive writer and speaker, and a high authority upon all economic topics.

MR. WALTER H. PAGE, editor of the Forum, the leading monthly review of America.

MR. HORACE WHITE, of New York, the well known political economist.

The above list of names is merely a beginning. We hope soon to add other distinguished names to the list, for we shall make this series of articles notable all over the Union.

The Blade will discuss each article editorially as it appears. Nothing like such a discussion, by notable men, has been attempted by any other paper, and it will be the most valuable contribution to the settlement of the question.

TENNESSEE'S SUNDAY LAW.

Several Tennessee Adventists who were convicted for working on Sunday were fined from $5 to $8.50 each. All refused to pay as a matter of principle, and went to jail. The Adventists believe that Saturday, not Sunday, is the proper day to observe, and as they keep Saturday sacred, they make it a point to work on Sunday.

We think they are over-zealous. The Jews observe Saturday, yet the better class of them abstain from their usual avocations on Sunday, through respect for the Sunday laws. There is no reason the Adventists should not do the same. The state has power to establish a weekly rest day, and in so doing it wisely selected the day considered sacred by the great majority of its citizens. It is the duty of the minority, whether they are infidels, agnostics, Jews, Mohammedans or Adventists, to submit to the will of the majority in this matter, precisely as the minority submits to the majority at an election.

The state has no power to give the weekly rest day a religious character. That must depend on the individual. It may ordain that all shall abstain from labor on a certain day each week; but, so that he obeys this law, the individual may spend the time in any manner he sees fit. There is no constraint upon the Adventists to devote the day to religious duties, or to hold it sacred. The law does not compel them to observe the Christian Sunday, any more than it does to observe the Jewish Sabbath. It merely declares that no one shall perform labor on Sunday; and there is no good reason why the Adventists should not obey that law. Their claim that it is a matter of conscience not to obey it is absurd.

During the first half of 1896 there were 6,657 commercial failures, as compared with 7,039 the first half of 1894, and 4,401 in the first half of 1893. Though the times are brightening, bad management, lack of judgment, and similar causes, bring their legitimate results, now as ever.

NASBY ON SILVER.

The following letter is reprinted from the Toledo Bladé of December, 1877:

Confedrit X Roads,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky),
Dec. 22, 1877.

Ez a matter of course, the Corners is impecunious. There never was a time in the history uv this place that it wuzn't in that state of finanshel helth. The disinclinashen uv the people to labor—the porousnis uv the clay wich wich requires so much likwid fillin, and the loss of time resultin, makes it extremely difficult for anything like accumulashen to happen, consekently borrerin is the principal industrial pursoot, wich would be wel enuff ef ther wuzn't eny payin. Payin is wat blites a man, and cripples his energies. Payin is slowly, but shoorly underminin the Corners, and sappin its prosperity. I hate payin. It robs a dollar uv all its delite to know you hev got to pay it agin, after you hev spent it. Wat I shood like wood be to hev dollars wich reprodoose theirselves. Ef two dollars cood only marry and hev large families! That wood be suthin like.

The Silver bill wich Bland is pushin pleases us here for several reasons. The Corners is largely composed of the debtor class. We are all in debt. That graspin Shylock, Bascom, hez furnisht us the necessaries uv life these twenty years, and hez kept on "chargin it up," when we didn't pay, with the remorsehs accooracy uv a feen1. He never cood get no mortgage out uv me to secoor hisself for the reason that I don't happen to hev anything to mortgage, but he does hold mortgages on Deekin Pogram's place, and also on every other place in the visinity, for money lent and supplies furnisht. Wat happens? Why Bascom wants his pay. He sheerinly sez that ef we don't expect to pay wat do we drink fur? "Kin I buy likker in Loolsville, and sell it to yoo without pay?" says he.

Ahl ef he only knows how pleasant it is to drink and how onpleasant it is to pay he would change his mind about it. But there are very few large heartid men in this world.

Bascom wants his money, and Bascom is consekently a Shylock. He is a oppressor, and a grinder uv the faces uv the people. We wood rise up in our wrath and mob him, but alas! there ain't one uv us wich hez credit enuff for a barl uv likker in Loolsville, and so we hev to endoor him.

Therefore when we heard uv this silver planis we wuz rejoist. Ef silver is made a legle tender, and is only wuth 92 cents on the dollar now, we hev at least rescood ourselves from the grasp uv this mercenary cuss wich wants his money, 8 per cent's wuth anyhow. And we are satisfied it will go lower than that. When Sharon and Jones and the silver miners uv Nevady hev got things fixed so that they kin pay wat they owe in their own silver, they will hist it out a certain extent wich will make it ez cheep ez cood be wished. Then we will hev this yoosurer, wich holds destruckshen over us. Our land—I am speakin uv the other citizens now wich hev land—will go up ten times in valyoo. Land wich is now wuth $40 an acre will spin up to $400—in silver—and we will sell enuff to git wat we owe Bascom, and we will load a cart with it and take it to that unmerciful creditor and compel him to take it and release us from his dominashen.

I see in my mind's eye that deer, delitful old saint, Deekin Pogram, makin a deed for 200 acres uv the hundred and fifty he hez. That miserable, grindin Bascom lent him $1,000 four years ago, wich hez bin runnin on interest ever sence, and he hez a bar bill uv perhaps $300 more, makin all perhaps $1,500 wich this Shylock holds agin him. There will be a spekilator from Loolsville down to the Corners a buyin land.

"Deekin wat will you ask me an aker for two akers off the east side uv yoor place?" sez the spekilator.

"Mirandy," sez Deekin, "wat do I owe that crooel, hard-hearted Shylock uv a Bascom?"

"One thousand five hundred dollars," will be Mirandy's anser.

"Sir," sez the Deekin, "you kin hev two acres for jist $1,500. I must git out uv the clutches uv that monster wich demands remorselsly the money he lent me. Oh, the hard-heartidnis uv this world! Thank hoven, I hev but a few more years uv it. Mirandy, set the jug to Bascom's, and tell him I'll pay him suthin on account next week."

And then the land will be sold (the two akers), leavin the Deekin 148, wich is enuff, and the Deekin will load the silver in his cart, and will take it over to Bascom's and dump it triumphantly down on the floor, and demand his releese. Then will he be free uv this shark—he will satisfy this cormorant—he will walk the streets erect, a free man. Then will everybody do likewise, but me, and I persoom I will, for silver will be so cheap that I kin probably borrer enuff to pay the graspin man wat I owe him.

We held a meetin last nite and resolved that it wuz the sentiment uv the Corners that silver shood be remonetized, and that resumpshen shood be put off. The Corners will allez resolve to put off payin anythin. It wuz a enthoosiastic meetin, made up entirely uv the debtor class. I made a stirrin speech wich wood hev bed an immense effect but for one trifling draw-back. I wuz dilatin on the "Dollar uv the Fathers," and sed with a burst uv elokence, "Look at this piece uv money! It wuz this kind uv money wich caried the country thro—"

It wuz an unfortunit way uv puttin at things. For I didn't hev a piece uv silver in my pockit, and I appealed to the audience to hunt one up that I mite give pint to the flite, but alas! ther wuzn't a peece uv silver in the house, not even a dime! But I turned this to akkount even. I pride myself on bein able to pluck the flower Safety from the nettle Danger. Most men wood hev bin disconcerted, but not me. "My frends," I sed, "when we hev this silver bill past, I won't be caught in this awkward fix. Every man in the Corners will hev a cart-load uv it."

And they give three cheers for the silver bill, and adjourned.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Finanseer.

THREE YEARS OF DROUTH.

Though the last week's crop bulletin from Washington reported the condition of growing crops to be "generally favorable," there is not a farmer west of the Allegheny mountains—and from thence to the Pacific—but regards the present season as a dry one, and who would not have been greatly benefited had the country received the average rainfall during the first half of this year. For it must be remembered that both 1893 and 1894 were years of drouth; and the past winter, though inclement and blustering, was one of very small precipitation. Hence this is the third year of drouth to the great agricultural states of the Union.

The present season would have been a reasonably good one had it not been that it follows two dry ones. If 1894, for instance, had been one of average rainfall, or had the past winter been a wet one, all would have been well. As it is, we must be satisfied with the fact that the change from drouth to average rainfall is proceeding, though slowly. It is too late now to benefit the hay or small grain crops, which suffered seriously from both the frosts and dry weather of May. But the changing conditions appear to favor the prediction that 1896 will not be one of drouth and consequent damage.

The new chief of the weather bureau intimates that subordinates who miss it badly in forecasting important weather changes will have to go down with their predictions. Brace up, gentlemen!

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

Nearly forty colored men named Green, all relatives, are in the Lancaster (Pa.) jail or in the penitentiary from that county.

The Orphans' Court of Philadelphia the other day awarded a dividend of a little over two mills to each of the creditors of an estate.

One day last week a Fairfield woman went shopping in that town for the first time in ten years, although she enjoys good health and frequently goes out of town.

Miss Emily Faithfull combined her work for the cause of women with a love for strong cigars, of which she was an inveterate smoker. She took to tobacco first to relieve her asthma.

No foreign flags are to be carried in the parades or displayed in any of the other public celebrations of Independence Day this year. Only the Stars and Stripes will be carried or flown.

The fact that 62 literary women sat down to dinner together in London recently is viewed by a leader writer for an English daily as ominous and portentous of the future of man in literature.

A veterinary surgeon in Van Buren, Mo., was called a few days ago to find the reason and remedy for an odd hard bunch on a horse's shoulder. He lanced the swelling and found in the center of it a silver dime.

France volunteered to pay the cost of the memorial mass soon to be celebrated in honor of Mme. Carnot's martyred husband on the anniversary of his tragic death, but the madame insists upon meeting the expense herself.

Prince Maximillian of Saxony's ordination as a priest is to take place next month, by which time he will have completed his theological training. Born in 1870, he is a younger son of Prince George, the brother and heir of King Albert of Saxony.

Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodor of Battenberg has nearly 1,000 photographs scattered about her various rooms, and probably no one has ever counted the other thousands she has stored away. Photographs have been her hobby ever since she was a child.

It is said that Queen Victoria has had a chair constructed which will support her in a standing position while receiving visitors. The chair is cunningly arranged, so that the form is covered with regal draperies, and report says it would deceive any one who didn't know it was there.

At the recent Royal Academy dinner the editor of Punch was asked whether he did not receive a great many contributions. He answered: "Oh, yes; I get plenty of material, and a good deal that is good." And a man across the table was man enough to say: "Then what do you do with it?"

A man from Alma, Kan., was arrested in Kansas City a few days ago for bellicose bearing in the public streets, and was found to be carrying in his pockets a pistol, a pair of brass knuckles, and a copy each of the Old and New Testament. He declared he was a good church member in his own town.

Prince Bismarck was recently the recipient of a handsome present in the shape of a press-board inlaid with alternate squares of yellow and milk-white amber laid on an under surface of gold. The figures, which are marvelously carved, are also of amber, and each minute detail is faultlessly carried out.

Mr. William P. Redmond, M. P., might have been a king at the present moment if he had felt any inclination that way. As a young man he went to seek his fortune in Africa, and became a prisoner in the realm of King Ja Ja, who chanced to take a fancy to the Irishman, and offered to make him not only Prime Minister, but heir-apparent.

Not a few people in Maine make at least a living by gold mining. Gold is found in many parts of the state, but in small quantities or under such circumstances as make systematic mining unprofitable. A "miner" living near Byron brought into Lewiston a few days ago a nugget of gold weighing over an ounce. He makes $2 to $3 a day gold mining.

FAMOUS PEOPLE.

Princess Beatrice, of Battenburg, the Queen of England's youngest daughter, is president of the Visiting Nurse society of the Isle of Wight.

Edward Burne-Jones, the famous British artist, is of Welsh extraction. He is Rudyard Kipling's uncle. Burne-Jones is almost a self-taught artist.

John Ruskin's health has so much improved that he is able to play chess; but it is feared that he will never be able to do any more literary work.

By the will of the late Leverett Saltonstall, ex-collector of the port of Boston, the sum of $5,000 is left to Harvard university to found the "Leverett Saltonstall scholarship."

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught are honorary colonels, respectively, of the Eighteenth and Thirtieth Bengal Lancers, which have distinguished themselves in the Chitral expedition.

Arthur Balfour, becoming tired of golf, has taken to the bicycle. The British Parliament, it is said, is watching Mr. Balfour's experiments in wheeling with deep interest. Upon his success or failure rests the question of how the English statesman shall take exercise.

Sir George Chesney, who died recently, made a great hit with "The Battle of Dorking." It appeared originally in Blackwood's Magazine for May, 1871. It was republished almost immediately afterward in square form, and over 100,000 copies were sold. One result of the extraordinary success of "The Battle of Dorking" was a host of imitators.

A very pleasant woman is Mme. Rostorka, of Lille, France. Not only is she 113 years old, which is a wonder, but she was the cantiniere of a Polish regiment in the Russian campaign, was under fire twelve times and received three wounds. She was decorated with the silver cross. Besides this she has survived her fifteen children, the last of whom she buried at the age of 80.

Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Aosta, who is about to marry pretty Princess Helene Otrleans, is 25 years old. His youth, however, does not prevent his having been the hero of no end of betrothals—who will say whether they were real or imaginary? Among the marriageable princesses in Europe have, at one time or another, been engaged—by rumor—to the cousin of the King of Italy.

Queen Victoria is going to confer the first-class insignia of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert upon the Empress of Russia and the Queen Regent of the Netherlands. The junior dame of the first class is the Queen of Roumania, who received this order when she visited England a few years ago. The Queen has conferred the second class of the Victoria and Albert Order upon the Grand Duchess of Hesse.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Henri Rochefort is on a visit to London.

Dr. George W. Miltenberger, who has been a practicing physician in Baltimore for 35 years, has decided to retire.

John Wanamaker is said to be the most heavily insured man in the world; he is now carrying $2,000,000 on his life.

M. Jules Jouy, the gay rhymer of the Chat Noir and the Paris music halls, has broken down under the strain of his work.

Lord Rosebery, who is a collector of odd kinds of relics, recently invested in some slave chains and a manirap of old slavery days.

Rev. Dr. Miel, of San Sausalito, Cal., is not only a fisher for sinners, but he is a fisher for trout. He recently broke the state record by landing a 16-pound speckled beauty.

Rev. Hayden Rayburn, of Kokomo, Ind., is not more proud of having married 1,240 couples during his ministry than he is of the small number of divorces among those whom he has united.

The tomb of John Hancock, in the Granary burying ground at Boston, will soon be marked by an appropriate monument erected at the expense of the state. The design was made by Julius A. Schweinfurth.

The Bohemian club, of Pittsburg, is endeavoring to raise funds for a monument to Stephen C. Foster, the composer of "Oh, Susannah," "Old Folks at Home," and the "Old Kentucky Home."

Since Senator Stanford's death, not one dollar has come from his estate to the university he founded. To keep it running Mrs. Stanford has given on an average of $1,000 a day, half her private means.

A valuable collection of books and papers from the library of the late Richard Frothingham has been presented to the Massachusetts Historical society. Newspapers of the revolutionary period are among the rarest things in the collection.

Hiram R. Revels, the first negro elected to the United States Senate, has been chosen supreme trustee of the Colored Knights of Honor of America, succeeding Frederick Douglass. Rev. Dr. Revels is a resident of Washington.

The only man living to-day of the eighteen, who, with John Brown, of Ossawattomie, struck the blow at Harper's Ferry, is Jason Brown, who resides at Pasadena, Cal., and he is older than was John Brown, jr., who died recently, at the age of 75, in his home on Put-in Bay island.

Gail Hamilton was once a teacher in a girls' seminary, and was the idol of her pupils. She was very cheerful, sensible and clear-headed in all things. When the graduating class was robed for commencement day she used to say: "And

The Weekly Blade Three Months

Only Ten Cents!

In Clubs of Ten or More Names at a Time.

With Valuable Premium for Each Ten Names,

And Ten Grand Prizes Besides!

Read the Following---The Best Offer The Blade Ever Made:

Referring to the several announcements on the fourth page of this paper, of our intention for special educational matter on the silver question, presented in a plain way for plain people, we think every reader of the Toledo Weekly Blade will agree with us that we should have at least a quarter of a million additional readers during the next few months.

And we are determined that the Blade shall have the largest circulation it ever had in its history. Not for a matter of profit, but for the general good of the public. At the price we announce we will not be paid for the white paper, postage and labor, but we shall at least make the Blade well talked about in every county and village of the whole Union.

Our plans this summer contemplate the publication of matter which will be of absorbing interest to every voter in the United States. Every one must have HONEST information on the silver issue previous to the great Presidential campaign next year. We believe we can set forth this subject in such a manner that the busiest person may become perfectly familiar with the entire subject, so that he will understand which side he should take when the questions comes up for decision in the next political campaign. On the fourth page we have clearly stated our intentions on this matter.

Besides this, we shall publish a very interesting family newspaper, with one or two serial stories, and lots of other interesting and useful matter for all members of every family.

Now we propose to offer the Weekly Blade, in clubs of ten or more at a time, for only

Ten Cents for Three Months.

This offer is made during the months of June, July and August only. For every ten names sent us, we shall give the sender of the club a 25-cent book, such as he may select from the list given elsewhere.

We want every reader of The Blade, every person who receives a sample copy of it, and every person who may otherwise receive from us this announcement, to do what they can toward sending us clubs from their respective localities.

There is no postoffice in the United States so small but can send in at least one club of ten names. An ordinary village or thrifty town can supply dozens of such clubs, while large towns can send in names by the hundred.

We desire all clubs made up of at least ten names; but should the club run larger, a book will be sent for each multiple of ten. Whoever sends a club of sixty names, for instance, can select six books from the list, and so on.

You see it will therefore be possible, during the three summer months, to obtain nearly, or quite all, the sixty-odd books we announce. It will be observed, we pay for these clubs as fast as they are sent us, by mailing one book for each ten names. We allow no cash commission, and ten cents net must be sent for each name.

Remittances must be made in current funds. Do not send postage stamps or checks on country banks. Send a draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or send postoffice order or express order or currency by registered mail.

In addition to the above premiums we offer for these clubs, we will also give

Ten Grand Prizes

To be awarded at the close of the summer season, which will be on September 1, to the ten persons who send us the largest number of subscribers during June, July and August.

1.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending the largest list of names during the summer. Price, $18.

2.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the second largest list. Price, $18.

3.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the third largest list. Price, $18.

4.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fourth largest list. Price, $15.75.

5.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fifth largest list. Price, $15.75.

6.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the sixth largest list. Price, $15.75.

7.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the seventh largest list. Price, $9.25.

8.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the eighth largest list. Price, $9.25.

9.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the ninth largest list. Price, $9.25.

10.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the tenth largest list. Price, $9.25.

Number Your Names Consecutively.

Be sure and number the names consecutively, from No. 1 on your first club, down to the total number in your last club, so that we can tell at a glance, on September 1, how many names you have sent during the summer.

You see you will get your pay in books, as you go along, for all the names you send us, and besides you also stand the chance of getting one of these prizes. Hence the importance of numbering the names as you send them in.

With each club that you send, we want one of our coupons inclosed, as an evidence that you are entitled to the book premium. Those who receive our postal card announcement, may return the postal card with their first club. With all subsequent clubs be sure to inclose a coupon, which will be found at the end of this advertisement. This is important, in order to insure the mailing of your premium book.

You will find it easy work and full of exciting interest, to take names for the Blade at 10 cents. Some member of every family can find time for this work, and in setting out for a club of 10 you will be surprised to see that 40 names can easily be obtained in a few hours.

Sample Copies.

Send for all the sample copies of The Blade that you want for this work. Send us the names and addresses of all your friends, and we will cheerfully mail them sample copies.

We want everybody, men of all parties, to read The Blade this summer. How many scores of names can be obtained in your town? Drop us a postal card and tell us what you think can be done in your neighborhood. We would like to hear from everybody their ideas of the success of this offer in their neighborhood.

We suggest that you send, within a week, the first club of 10 to 20 names, and afterward follow up the matter with at least one club every week during June, July and August.

Address all letters,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

CUT THIS OUT AND INCLOSE WITH YOUR CLUB.

Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Good for a choice of One Book for EACH TEN NAMES.

BOOK PREMIUMS FOR THREE MONTHS' CLUBS.

As announced elsewhere, for every ten three months' subscribers sent us between now and September 1, we will mail a choice of the following list of books. They are not trashy cheap books, but printed with large size type on good paper, substantially bound in enameled paper covers. Furthermore, they are all of a high grade of literature. We first offer "The Nasby Letters" so long as our stock lasts. We have but a few hundred copies left. Or, the choice of any of the following 67 books. Name your selections when you send your clubs, and books will be immediately forwarded postpaid by mail.

1.—The Reveries of a Bachelor, or, A Book of the Heart, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
2.—Lays of Ancient Rome, by Lord Macaulay.
3.—A Tillyloss Scandal, by J. M. Barrie.
4.—The House of the Seven Gables, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
5.—Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell.
6.—The Coming Race, by Lord Lytton.
7.—Dream Life, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
8.—Frankenstein; or the Modern Prometheus. Mrs. Shelley.
9.—A Book of Golden Deeds, by C. M. Yonge.
10.—Mosses from an Old Manse, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
11.—The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
12.—Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb.
13.—Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith.
14.—Twice-Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
15.—Paul and Virginia, by Bernardin de Saint Pierre.
16.—Story of an African Farm, by Olive Schreiner.
17.—Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, by Wm. E. Aytoun.
18.—Lucile, by Owen Meredith.
19.—Dreams, by Olive Schreiner.
20.—Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell.
21.—One of the Profession, by White.
22.—Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle.
23.—The Idyls of the King, by the late Lord Tennyson.
24.—The Pleasures of Life, by Sir J. Lubbock, Bart.
25.—The Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott.
26.—Mornings in Florence, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
27.—Rab and his Friends, by Dr. John Brown.
28.—Whittier's Poems, by J. Greenleaf Whittier.
29.—The Greatest Thing in the World and Other Addresses, by Prof. Henry Drummond.
30.—Lalla Rookh, by Thomas Moore.
31.—Longfellow's Poems.
32.—In Memoriam, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
33.—The Princess, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
34.—Rasselas, by Samuel Johnson.
35.—Selections from Robert Browning.
36.—Past and Present, by Thomas Carlyle.
37.—Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antonius.
38.—Heroes and Hero Worship, by Thos. Carlyle.
39.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. First Series.
40.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. Second Series.
41.—Sesame and Lilies, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
42.—Queen of the Air, by John Ruskin.
43.—Premium Cook Book, by Marian Harland and Others.
44.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 1, by George Eliot.
45.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 2, by George Eliot.
46.—Romola. Part 1, by George Eliot.
47.—Romola. Part 2, by George Eliot.
48.—Lowell's Poems, by James Russell Lowell.
49.—Emerson's Essays, First Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
50.—Emerson's Essays, Second Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
51.—Ethics of the Dust. John Ruskin.
52.—Poems of Edgar Allan Poe.
53.—Lorna Doone. Part 1, by R. D. Blackmore.
54.—Lorna Doone. Part 2, by R. D. Blackmore.
55.—The Light of Asia, by Arnold.
56.—Last Essays of Elia, by C. Lamb.
57.—Vanity Fair. Part 1, by Thackeray.
58.—Vanity Fair. Part 2, by Thackeray.
59.—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, by Lord Byron.
60.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 1, by Susan Warner.
61.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 2, by Susan Warner.
62.—Crown of Wild Olive, by Ruskin.
63.—John Halifax. Part 1, by Mulock.
64.—John Halifax. Part 2, by Mulock.
65.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 1, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
66.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 2, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
67.—Discourses of Epictetus, with Notes translated by George Long.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember), teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 25
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 25
½ dozen table knives	2 25
1 dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

Daily Bread.

The question of our daily bread
Is nearly this, we take it:
The men go out and get the dough
And then the women bake it.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Behind in His Reading.

Wool—I'm awfully behind in my reading.

Van Pelt—How's that?

Wool—I got switched off on Trilby and now I'm behind on at least nine or ten new lives of Napoleon.—New York Evening World.

"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

AN EXAMINATION OF THE ARGUMENTS IT ADVANCES,

And a Discussion of the Propositions It Lays Down.

Coin's book itself shows that the statements of The Blade are true regarding the lack of parity between gold and silver. On page 34 it gives a table, taken from page 50, U. S. Statistical Abstract for 1892, giving the actual ratio between the market values of gold and silver from 1687 to 1892. The only part of this table which concerns this discussion is that from 1792, the date of our coinage law, to 1892, which is herewith reproduced:

Year.	Ratio.	Year.	Ratio.	Year.	Ratio.
1791	15.05	1825	15.70	1859	15.19
1792	15.17	1826	15.76	1860	15.23
1793	15.09	1827	15.74	1861	15.60
1794	15.37	1829	15.78	1863	15.87
1795	15.65	1829	15.28	1864	15.57
1797	15.41	1831	15.72	1865	15.44
1798	15.59	1832	15.73	1866	15.43
1799	15.47	1833	15.93	1867	15.57
1800	15.68	1834	15.73	1868	15.59
1801	15.46	1835	15.80	1869	15.69
1802	15.26	1836	15.72	1870	15.57
1803	15.41	1837	15.83	1871	15.57
1804	15.41	1838	15.85	1872	15.63
1805	15.79	1839	15.62	1873	15.92
1806	15.72	1840	15.62	1874	16.17
1807	15.43	1841	15.70	1875	16.59
1808	16.08	1842	15.87	1876	17.88
1809	15.96	1843	15.93	1877	17.22
1810	15.77	1844	15.85	1878	17.94
1811	15.73	1845	15.92	1879	18.40
1812	16.11	1846	15.90	1880	18.05
1813	16.25	1847	15.80	1881	18.16
1814	15.04	1848	15.85	1882	18.19
1815	15.25	1849	15.78	1883	18.64
1816	15.28	1850	15.70	1884	18.57
1817	15.11	1851	15.46	1885	19.41
1818	15.25	1852	15.39	1886	20.78
1819	15.23	1853	15.32	1887	21.13
1820	15.02	1854	15.33	1888	21.99
1821	15.05	1855	15.38	1889	22.09
1822	15.80	1856	15.38	1890	19.75
1823	15.84	1857	15.27	1891	20.92
1824	15.82	1858	15.38	1892	23.72

"You will see from this table," continued Coin, "that from 1687 to 1873 the commercial ratio of the two metals was never lower than 1 to 14.14 and never higher than 1 to 16.25, a variation of only about two points."

Ah! "Two points!" Coin speaks of them as though they were unimportant. But the difference between 14.14 and 16.25 is exactly 15 per cent. Taking the table's figures from 1792 to 1873, and the highest ratio is 1 to 15 in 1793, and the lowest 1 to 15.93. This difference is 6.6 per cent—that is to say, a difference of 6.6 cents in the actual value of the gold and silver in the two kinds of dollars respectively.

If a man can pay what he owes with a dollar worth 6.6 cents less than another, won't he do it, and retain the dearer one? Most assuredly; and it was done in 1805, when President Jefferson stopped the coinage of the silver dollar. It was done with our gold from about 1804 onward, so that by 1819, as we have shown, no gold coin was in circulation, all of our coinage having been either melted up or exported as bullion. It was done with our silver dollar after the coinage act of 1834. The silver dollar was worth more than the gold dollar; hence the gold remained in circulation, the silver was melted up or went abroad as bullion.

We will now repeat the quotation from Coin (p. 85), adding thereto his conclusion:

"You will see from this table," continued Coin, "that from 1687 to 1873 the commercial ratio of the two metals was never lower than 1 to 14.14, and never higher than 1 to 16.25, a variation of only about two points. * * * Now run your fingers down from 1873 to 1892, and in that short period what a change, O! my countrymen. Instead of 15 to 16 pounds of silver being worth one pound of gold, we see it jumping rapidly, till in 1892 it took nearly 24 pounds of silver to equal in commercial value one pound of gold. And now it takes 32 pounds of silver to equal in the market one pound of gold. We here have a demonstration of how free coinage controls the commercial value of the two metals."

Now, the fact is that this is a wrong inference from the table. Coin assumes that the abandonment of free coinage by the United States and the great nations of Europe run down the price of silver; and conversely, that the retention of free coinage would have kept it up.

That is wrong. The abandonment of free coinage had some effect, of course; but the main cause of the great decline in the price of silver has been its increased production.

Let us examine the matter of silver production. The following table gives the total production of gold and silver in the world, and is copied from an official publication of the United States government—"Coinage Laws of the United States, 1792 to 1894," page 103:

Cal. Years.	Gold.	Silver (coining value).
1792-1809	$106,407,000	$228,820,000
1810-1810	118,152,000	371,677,000
1811-1820	78,085,000	224,786,000
1821-1830	94,479,009	191,444,000
1831-1840	134,841,000	247,930,000
1841-1848	291,144,000	259,520,000
1849	37,000,000	39,000,000
1850	44,450,000	39,000,000
1851	67,600,000	40,000,000
1852	132,750,000	40,000,000
1853	155,450,000	40,600,000
1854	127,450,000	40,600,000
1855	125,075,000	40,600,000
1856	147,600,000	40,650,000
1857	133,275,000	40,650,000
1858	124,850,000	40,800,000
1859	119,250,000	40,800,000
1860	113,800,000	44,700,000
1861	107,750,000	45,200,000
1862	106,750,000	49,200,000
1863	113,000,000	51,700,000
1864	120,200,000	51,950,000
1865	121,100,000	50,750,000
1866	104,025,000	54,225,000
1867	103,000,000	50,225,000
1868	108,225,000	47,500,000
1869	106,850,000	51,575,000
1870	107,000,000	61,750,000
1871	99,650,000	65,250,000
1872	96,200,000	81,800,000
1873	90,750,000	71,500,000
1874	97,500,000	80,500,000
1875	103,700,000	87,500,000
1876	114,000,000	81,000,000
1877	119,000,000	95,000,000
1878	109,000,000	96,000,000
1879	106,500,000	96,700,000
1880	108,000,000	102,000,000
1881	102,000,000	111,580,000
1882	95,400,000	115,300,000
1884	101,700,000	105,500,000
1885	108,400,000	118,500,000
1886	106,000,000	120,920,000
1887	105,776,000	124,281,000
1888	110,197,000	140,706,000
1889	123,480,000	162,153,000
1890	118,843,000	172,235,000
1891	126,184,000	188,447,000
1892	138,561,000	196,439,000
Total	5,663,216,000	5,077,529,000

Now, let us give the facts as to the dates of the abandonment of free coinage by various nations, and compare them with the world's production of silver as given in the above table, and see how the two factors have acted in causing the decline in the value of silver.

England abandoned free silver coinage in 1816. Germany did so in July, 1871 (not July 1873, as Coin says on page 29 of his book). France and the other countries of the Latin Union did so in 1874, and India did so in 1893.

Now the production of silver was tolerably constant from 1849 downward for a number of years (see table), the output slowly showing an increase, however. Thus from $39,000,000 in 1849 it climbed to $51,575,000 in 1870. Then it jumped $10,000,000 in one year to $61,060,000 in 1871—the year in which Germany closed her mints to it. This closing of the mints of one great nation, then nearly equal in population to the United States, reduced the ratio (see table of ratios) only from 15.57 to 15.63.

In 1873 the production jumped to $81,800,000, and the ratio dropped from 15.63 to 15.92. The adoption of the gold standard by the United States in that year could have had no effect whatever on this, because our currency had been entirely paper from 1862, and remained so until the resumption of specie payments on January 1, 1879.

The yearly production of silver from 1874 to 1880 practically averaged double what it averaged from 1850 to 1870. The ratio declined steadily, without any great jumps. Meanwhile, the United States had been buying $2,000,000 worth per month at its market price from 1878, and continued to do so until 1890, thus affording the largest single market for it in the world, which undoubtedly aided in steadying the price.

In 1880 the production climbed to $102,000,000, and steadily increased year by year until it reached $136,459,000 in 1892. Now, in all those years the price depended upon the demand and supply, and the latter being the greater, the ratio fell from 1 to 18.05 in 1880 to 1 to 23.72 in 1892.

In 1893 India closed her mints, and the ratio fell to 1 to 26.49. This was not so great a fall as from 1891 to 1892, which must have been entirely due to the excess of supply over demand.

Therefore Coin's assumption that free coinage "controls" the commercial value of the two metals is untrue. The rate of production controls the ratio; free coinage of the two metals must follow the commercial ratio of the two metals.

Coin's horse purchase illustration is deemed convincing by many of his readers. He says, on page 47:

"Suppose," said Coin, "that Congress should pass a law to-morrow authorizing the purchase by the government of 100,000 cavalry horses of certain sizes and qualities, and the government entered the market to get these horses. Horses would advance in value, not only the kind of horses desired, but also other horses upon which there would be a demand to take the place of the horses sold to the government."

Coin advances this in support of the argument that free coinage would cause a rise in the price of silver. But the example of buying cavalry horses is not a parallel case. In the free coinage of silver, a man brings so many grains of silver to the mint and it is stamped into a standard dollar. He gets back the silver he took there.

Suppose the United States government should advertise to pay a fixed price for cavalry horses of a certain weight, age, etc.; would simply brand them "U. S." on the flank, and return them to the seller. What effect would that have on the price of horses?

None whatever. The government might go on buying horses and paying for them with other horses until it had bought every suitable horse in the country, without affecting the prices of horses one cent a head.

The reader should realize that there is no consumption of silver, except what is used in the arts. That which is coined is still in existence, and is a factor in the supply just as much as ever.

Let us illustrate this by an example. Farmers are selling eggs in Toledo now at 11 cents a dozen. Last winter, when the supply of eggs was limited, they received 20 to 35 cents a dozen. The eggs are purchased and eaten, hence the price depends entirely upon the supply. But suppose that eggs could, like a silver dollar, be used ever and over again, hundreds of times, until they wore out with handling: what would be the effect on the price of eggs?

Look at silver in the light of this illustration. Aside from that consumed in the arts, the silver remains in existence, whether as coin or bullion; and the amount in existence is a factor in the price, as well as the supply.

DEPEW'S STUDIOUS SON.

The Young Man is Deeply Interested in Politics Just Now.

Previous to the recent "harmony dinner" given by Chauncey M. Depew in New York his son, Chauncey, Jr., who is now 17 yeras old, has been generally known by his friends as "Buster." The youth attended that notable gathering,

BUSTER DEPEW.

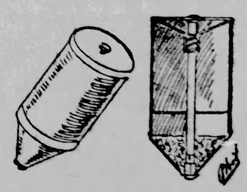
and now thinks that, having made his debut, his nickname should be dropped. As a matter of fact, it has for several years been evident that the nickname was exceedingly ill-chosen. Depew, Jr., is one of the most studious young fellows imaginable. He speaks and reads French and German as fluently as English, and he has made considerable acquaintance with the classics of the continental languages. He has always been a studious boy, apt to learn and swift to assimilate. Despite his political, lingual and historical acquirements, which are quite beyond the list of qualifications required to enter Yale college, he is pursuing the usual course at Browning's classical school, and will enter the venerable blue ribbon university two years hence so well prepared, if prognostications are verified, that his course there will be as easy as he chooses to make it. The young fellow likes his horses, handles a clever whip and is as proud of a joke as his father.

A NEW POWDER-HOLDER.

The Invention for the Convenient Use of Tooth Powder.

This neat and convenient little device has the valuable quality of delivering upon the tooth-brush a certain quantity of the powder, and thus making the user able to avoid waste. The illustration shows the exterior appearance and the interior arrangement of the can.

To get the powder upon the brush you



press upon the thumb-piece, which opens a valve at the bottom of the can. The plunger is held by a coiled spring, and when you remove the thumb pressure the valve closes and the flow of powder stops.

In using ordinary tooth-powder receptacles, you remove a screw-cap and dash the powder on the brush, but it is almost impossible to regulate the quantity. With this new device you may get exactly the quantity that you want.

That's Different.

Professor—"When we want to say something that we don't dare say in English we use the French."

Pupil—"And when the French want to say something they don't dare say in French——"

Professor—"Ah, you could make your fortune in Paris if you could only discover that something!"—Truth.

An Eternal Truth.

The new woman? Nonsense! Let her rig herself up as she pleases, let her talk as she will, she is and will always be the same dear old girl.—New York Sun.

THE KIEL MEDALLION.

This tasteful memento of the completion of the Baltic North Sea Canal was designed by the Artist Herder, who has also projected the Heine monument to be erected in New York. The three busts represent the Emperors William I., Frederick III. and William II.

GREAT CHRISTIAN RALLY.

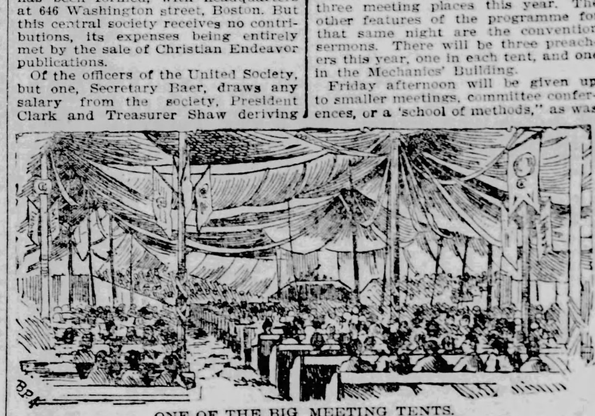
FIFTY THOUSAND ENDEAVORERS IN SESSION AT BOSTON.

The Greatest Convention Ever Held in the Union.

The annual convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor promises to be a record breaker. Boston is wondering what she will do with the throng of young people who will take possession of her streets for the week beginning July 10. It is confidently predicted that there will be at least 50,000 delegates in the city. The Christian Endeavorers have grown more rapidly than any organization ever known.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was founded in February, 1881, in Williston church, Portland, Me., by the Rev. Francis E. Clark, its pastor. According to the latest reports there are 38,780 societies and 2,226,800 members. It is easier to tell where these societies are not to be found than where they are, for they now exist in every country in the world but seven—Italy, Austria, Russia, Iceland, Belgium, Sweden and Greece. The United States leads with 7,844 societies and 452,000 members. Canada has 2,446 societies and Great Britain 2,442; Australia comes next with 943; India follows with 116; Madagascar has 93; Japan has 59; Laos, in Asia, 1. The organization is, and was from the first, intended to be strictly undenominational, the object being the building up of every church in which it finds foothold, as the object of the first society was the building up of the Williston church, of Portland. The Christian Endeavor Society levies no tax, exacts no tribute. For the purpose of facilitating the extension of the work, a central organization, the United Society of Christian Endeavor has been formed, with headquarters at 646 Washington street, Boston. But this central society receives no contributions, its expenses being entirely met by the sale of Christian Endeavor publications.

Of the officers of the United Society, but one, Secretary Baer, draws any salary from the society, President Clark and Treasurer Shaw deriving



ONE OF THE BIG MEETING TENTS.

their support from The Golden Rule, the official organ. This periodical is not published by the United Society, but by a private corporation. The Golden Rule is taken in every country where there are English-speaking members of the Christian Endeavor societies.

The first two annual conventions were held in Portland, Me., the third at Ocean Park, near Old Orchard, Me., the two following at Saratoga, and the next in 1888, at Chicago. Year by year the atendance has been growing, but the officers were hardly prepared for the 5,000 delegates who presented themselves at that gathering. The next one held in Philadelphia, had 6,500 delegates; the next, at St. Louis, more than 8,000, and the next, at Minneapolis, over 14,000. Unprecedented as was the attendance at Minneapolis, the number of delegates at the eleventh convention held in New York, was more than doubled. So numerous were they, in fact, that no accurate computation was feasible, but conservative estimates put it at 35,000, by all odds the largest number ever gath-

TREASURER SHAW AND SECRETARY BAER.
(Of the General Society.)

ered in one place to attend a convention of any sort. The next convention was at Montreal, the first held outside the boundaries of the United States; but despite that fact and the counter attraction of the World's Fair at Chicago, 18,000 delegates invaded the Canadian city, to the amazement of its inhabitants. At Cleveland last year 25,000 were present, and other uncounted thousands were kept away by the Debs railroad strikes. Ten year ago the membership was only 14,892.

The most elaborate preparations have been made to shelter the delegates. Mechanic's Hall has been leased in its entirety. The main hall seats 8,000; the Exhibition hall will be used as a huge restaurant; Cotillion Hall will be used as Massachusetts headquarters. In addition two water proof tents, accommodating 10,000 each have been leased. Large churches in the district will also be used, which will give a total seating capacity of 36,000. Instead of making Sunday as at former international conventions the great closing day, it has been decided to close the two tents and Mechanic's Hall on that day, and the convention will not be in session on the Sabbath. The regular services of the various churches of Boston and vicinity will be rallying points for the day. This is a concession to the growing feeling in some church quarters that the Endeavorers were destroying interest in church service. The closing meeting will be held Monday with the great consecration meetings. The Boston Union has adopted crimson and white as official colors for the convention. Citizens and business houses generally will decorate.

Wednesday evening, July 10, the convention will begin its regular programme by holding its meetings for that opening night in fifteen or twenty of the largest churches in Boston. Every effort is being made to make these opening meetings on Wednesday night as important as any of the whole convention. These preparatory meetings at Cleveland were a great success.

On Thursday morning the first session in the immense Mechanic's Building and in two immense tents, will be held, beginning at 10 o'clock. After the address of welcome and the response the secretary's annual report will be given, the morning session to conclude with the presentation of the different state banners for proportionate and actual increase in number of societies.

Thursday afternoon there will be held the denominational rallies in the various churches of Boston. This feature of the programme is becoming each year more successful, and the plans are in advance of last year.

Thursday evening two tents will be used together with the Mechanics'

PRESIDENT FRANCIS E. CLARK.

Building. President Clark will deliver his annual address in two auditoriums and it will be read by some one else in the third meeting. There will be three meeting places this year. The other features of the programme for that same night are the convention sermons. There will be three preachers this year, one in each tent, and one in the Mechanics' Building.

Friday afternoon will be given up to smaller meetings, committee conferences, or a 'school of methods," as was

ONE OF THE BIG MEETING TENTS.

called this practical part of every programme at Cleveland. In addition on that same afternoon will be convened a conference for state, territorial and provincial union officers; another for officers and district secretaries of local and district unions; another for corresponding secretaries of local societies; still another for junior superintendents, the whole afternoon devoted to practical methods of work.

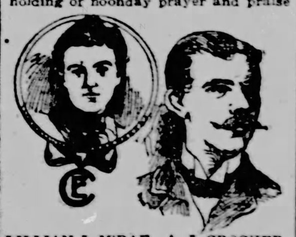
That evening three sessions will be held, one each in the tents and the Mechanics' Building, and on Saturday morning three more sessions, one in each auditorium. Immediately following these Saturday morning sessions will be introduced an entirely new feature.

Saturday afternoon there will be held one of the best of all the sessions, and that is the junior rally. The boys and girls, this year, will have one of the large convention auditoriums, namely, the Mechanics' building. About a thousand children under fourteen will take part in this. There will be a junior choir and a junior orchestra, and about a hundred will participate in the special exercises. Those who take part in these will for the time being represent the "junior" societies in all parts of the earth, and will be appropriately costumed. Thus the "junior" representing Alaska will be clad in Alaskan dress, and will tell of the societies in that far away slice of Uncle Sam's farm. This rally will take place on Boston Commons, at which Governor Greenhalge will preside.

Saturday evening the churches of Boston will be brought into service, and there will be no session in the Mechanics' building or the two tents. Each state is to have the evening for a rally, conference, reception, or anything it pleases.

Monday and Tuesday of the second week and other days following will be devoted to sight seeing.

One of the most interesting features of the convention will be the presence of the Rev. Dr. F. S. Smith, author of "America," who will read an ode written especially for the occasion. Another feature will be the holding of noonday prayer and praise



LILLIAN J. M'RAE. A. J. CROCKER.
(Secretary and President Boston Endeavor Union.)

meetings at business places. These prayer-meetings will be conducted by delegates, who will march from the various headquarters, and the singing of religious songs will be as much a feature as the prayers and the exhortations.

The convention this year will have to grapple with serious problems. The first will be the question whether the conventions are not becoming too unwieldy. The next will be the question of politics raised by the action of the secretary of the Connecticut society, who has been trying to get the members to boycott a political party because it favors a bill he opposes. This mixing of religion and politics has caused a bitter feeling, and it is likely decisive action will be taken on the matter. If political action is encouraged many members predict the disruption of the order.

One of the features of this convention will be the flag which has been adopted. This is the official flag, and combines the colors of the convention in a happy manner. A diagonal line divides the flag into two parts, the upper half being crimson, with a good-sized copy of the monogram of the order, and the lower half white with "Boston, '95" printed in red.

Not the least interesting of the souvenirs will be the illuminated cards, containing the song "America" presented to the number of 50,000 by Miss Helen Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould.

The bicycle will come in for wide recognition. Cycling Endeavorers have been asked to bring their wheels, as a run of unusual interest

THE '95 BANNER. THE BOSTON UNION AND GENERAL SOCIETY BADGES.

has been arranged for them. It will be from Boston to Concord, over the exact route taken by Paul Revere in his famous ride to arouse the Colonists against the British.

OLD FAVORITES.

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out.

We who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness the rest of our natral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I vow it's hard to tell;
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man,
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can

So I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
And we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime,
We've been a-pilferin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start;
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper all her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our creed,
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She kicked the bucket certain—the question now is, How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pouring dissensions in our cup,
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a coming up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got;
But it give us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always something to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say.
And down on us come the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak,
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin' the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me,
And we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a dreary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,
But women are eleery critters, unless they have a home,
And I have always determined, and never failed to say
That Betsy never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money that's drawin' to rable pay;
A couple hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause, there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such.
True and fair I married her, when she was a blithe and young;
And Betsy was a'ays good to me, except with her tongue.

Once when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps,
And all of them was flustered and fairly taken low;
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by when she was out of sight,
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was as tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right.
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur—
That when I'm dead at last she shall bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happ

TWO WOMEN.

One sanctified her homely household labor
With patient kindness, and with tender grace;
Love sets his seal upon her faithful service;
Sweet peace and joy illumed her placid face.
Her presence seemed to those for whom she wrought
With blessing and with benediction fraught.

The other toiled with fretful, weak repining,
Sullen of visage, cheerless, heavy-eyed;
Missing the joy of love's unselfish labor,
"I weary of this seaseless toil," she cried;
"I hate these narrow walls and duty's chains,
And long for broader fields and higher plains."

One caught the morning sunlight on the mountain,
The noontide splendor and the twilight's spell;
And heard with joy Creation's vocal anthem,
The other walked alone where shadows fell.
One face uplifted shone with Heaven's own light,
The other downcast, made of noonday night.

—Good Housekeeping.

HOME TALKS.

SOPHONISBA GOES AWAY AND LEAVES A SUBSTITUTE.

An Added Respect for the Work of the Housekeeper—Here is a Profession Demanding Brains.

I have always had the greatest respect for a good housekeeper, one who makes the household machinery run smoothly, without creaking and groaning as if worn out and just ready to break down under prolonged strain. I knew that no matter how easy it all seemed, under side there were parts that must be kept constantly oiled to prevent friction; that there must be fine executive ability; that patience must have its perfect work, but I never so fully realized all of this as just at this present time and this is the reason why!

Sophonisba concluded to take a vacation. I could readily understand that an unlimited stretch of brain exercise upon what for breakfast, what for luncheon, what for dinner, might become in the highest degree monotonous even if varied by social and intellectual pleasures and the delightful consciousness of making those one loves comfortable, so when Sophonisba announced that her limit had been reached in that direction, and she was going away in order to give the grey matter of her brain a chance to recuperate, I rejoiced exceedingly. It is true that in the midst of this gladness, cold shivers perambulated up and down my spinal column as I thought of the visits to the butcher and grocer this would involve for me, and how I must keep myself armed against insinuating dust; and how I must darn—the word in many cases being likely to include both a mental and a physical operation—and patch, and do the other myriad of small things that circle around the housekeeper, while, at the same time keeping my own work going. Sophonisba needed the rest, however, and I bade her good-bye gaily, sure that all would be well.

She has been away before and left me to the task of filling stomachs masculine, and seeing that the house was kept decently and in order, but some way things this time have seemed to pile up higher than Ossa and Pelion, and in consequence, I am moved to an extent of admiration for the truly good housekeeper that knows no limit.

I think nothing is more exasperating to the feminine head of the household whose work is never done, than the condescension with which the masculines of the family view her labors. The ordinary man honestly believes that she has an easy time of it, and when she seems worn-out and things do not go right, there must be some defect in her management. His ideas circle around the preparation of the three meals a day; the rest is a mere bagatelle, not worth speaking of. Nothing will change his opinion in this matter. Housekeeping! Why he could do it in the intervals of his business, and not half try. The next time Sophonisba goes away I should like to have one of these smart Simons take my place and see what the end would be. I know, however, without making such a disastrous experiment.

Take for instance the one thing of keeping the clothes in order. When Sophonisba went away she said to me sweetly, said she: "You will not have a great deal of mending to do while I am gone. New socks, etc., are the order of the day, so that will help you out."

Calmly and trustfully I approached the week's washing to see what repairs were to be made. Ye gods and little fishes! I was sure the family, each and all, had developed into centipedes from the number of foot coverings that met my astonished eyes. They grew and multiplied before my bewildered gaze until there seemed enough to stock a hosiery department in a dry goods store, and upon examination almost every one had a hole either big or little, mostly big, in it, that must be repaired. There were buttons to be sewed on, rents to be closed up, and I viewed them all until discouragement swept in great waves over me, and I followed the example of many men in the late war—I hired a substitute. Then I sat down and thought of the mothers all over this land, with their ever restless children who keep the mending basket always full to the brim, who must add this to the cooking, the sweeping, the dusting, the washing and the ironing done by their own hands, and my heart went out to them full of respect and sympathy.

I shall not now stop to tell of the trials I had to keep the culinary department running without a waste that would be wicked, nor how often all that saved me from disgrace in the eyes of the hungry family was the telephone, but one thing is certain, if I live through Sophonisba's continued absence, I will never allow any expression of contempt for the housekeeper's profession go unrebuked hereafter.

It is a profession, first, last and always. It takes brains to do it well; it takes experience, judgment, energy, skill, care and a never-ending patience. And yet there is no business or profession that is regarded in precisely the same way; none in which the results are accepted so entirely as a matter of course. Excellence in any other line of work, even if it do not require half of the skill and intelligence, gains greater recognition. And this is what makes the indifference of men to what is accomplished, to the complications to be overcome, so hard to bear.

It is true that there is no business or profession that does not have its perplexities; that does not at times grow beyond measure monotonous; that does not pall upon the worker, no matter how delightful it may seem from the outside. Yet the labor and the care is not in the same sense as the housekeepers, never ending. It receives more direct compensation; the excellence attained, as I said before, is better recognized.

There is another side to it which must never be lost sight of in all of the weariness and monotony of housekeeping. The labor is usually done for dear ones who are dependent for their comfort upon the doer. It makes the home, whence the children will go forth, such men and such women physically, mentally and morally as its influences have helped to determine. Viewed in this aspect, and there is no work of more intrinsic importance, none that is of greater moment and more deserving of high regard than that of the housekeepers of the nation.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT

About Several Things Which Are of Vital Interest to Women.

A Western editor asks: "Why is it that women have no time? Is it because they work without system? Is it because they do not take advantage of odd minutes Who will answer?"

This is a very pertinent question, and every one of us will do well to consider it for ourselves—why do we not have time for the multitude of duties that come to each one of us? With the opening of new avenues for women's work comes an increase of cares, and with very many of us there are not enough hours in the day, or days in the week, to enable us to accomplish all that seems necessary. In cities this difficulty is brought on in a great measure by the numerous charitable, literary or musical societies that abound. We join this one, from a sense of duty or a desire to do good to some one; that one, because it will insure us a pleasant visit each week with some congenial friends, and the other one for self-improvement, —each one taking an hour or two, only, each week or fortnight, perhaps, but when we have them all to consider, we find that it will take more time than we can well spare from our home duties, and, harding knowing which to give up, we endeavor to keep them all, and so hurry from one thing to another and really enjoy none of them. That is one reason why we have "no time" to rest or to enjoy life with each of our friends as are not in the same boat with ourselves.

Very much more can be accomplished, however, if we have a systematic arrangement of our work, and if we take advantage of the spare moments and, most of all, if we do not become excited and try to hurry. Nothing is ever gained by hurry. If you have several things to do in a day, decide which is of the most importance, and do that thing first, then something else; but never try to do more than one thing at a time (unless it be to rock the baby and read). If there are a few moments, or half an hour even, between times of engagements, do not sit idle, impatiently waiting and feeling that you are losing so much time, but have some work handy that you can pick up, or utilize that time for a little reading. You will find that you can accomplish a great deal in the way of improvement, work and time saving, in this way. To do this, though, you must have the book, or the work in a convenient place, so you will not have to spend all or most of the spare time in finding it.

Another thing that makes women's work so tiresome, is because they do not take advantage of the little helps they might. If you will have a little rocking chair in your kitchen and just "drop down" into it while you are waiting for something to cook a little more, instead of standing up, you won't be nearly so tired. When you are ironing, or doing any work that requires you to stand for any time, your feet will not ache nearly so much if you will have a cushion to stand on. And speaking of feet, I wonder if women ever realize how much of their fatigue and uncomfortable feelings—yes, and of their temper—is to be charged to their feet? The idea that we must wear old, worn-out, run-down shoes while they are at work, is one of the most foolish of all economical ideas. Have a shoe that is large enough, but one that fits your foot; have it laced or buttoned, and you will find you have much more comfort and less of that irritable feeling while you are at work than you will if your shoes are not as they should be. "As easy as an old shoe" doesn't always mean that easiest possible thing. "O, it cannot be that my shoes hurt me," said a friend to me; "they are regular old scuffy-to-bangs, and could not hurt any one." Whatever "scuffy-to-bangs" may be, the editor still thinks that no one can believe how much a properly dressed foot has to do with the comfort of any woman, be her work what it may.

CONSIDERING THE WEATHER.

Now What Do You Think of a List Like This, Ladies of The Blade?

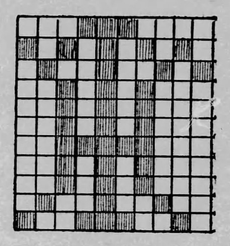
Catch-All.

The best material is either figured India silk or embroidered linen for the outside and plain India silk for the lining. For the stick use a little boy's cane, which provides a good handle,

and is of the correct length for the twenty-six-inch cover. Cut the material in a perfect disk, then line it neatly, and bind the edge as well as a small round hole cut exactly in the centre. Slip the cane through the hole and make it fast at the right spot by driving a tiny tack through the silk into the wood. When that is done, fold the cover in deep full pleats, and tack the edge of each fast to the stick in such a manner as to give the impression of a closed umbrella. Tie a handsome ribbon bow at the point representing the ferule and another on the handle where the pleats meet. When hung upon the wall the pockets will fall open, and will so offer easy and ample storing places for the hundred objects that find their way into convenient bags. If the bound edge seems too plain, and you like more trimming, add a full quilling of ribbon, or sew on some handsome gold braid.

For Marking Linen.

A square, the size of the pattern given, is drawn on the damask, and is then marked with fourteen pencil points at equal distances, the points in the opposite sides coresponding exactly. Threads are then drawn between the points, leaving several



strands to form the squares, and the monogram also, which is left in cut work in the center. When the threads and the pattern have been drawn, each group of strands is covered with white silk, put round and round it, so that when finished it forms a square net of white silk, leaving the letters in damask in the center. These are embroidered at the edge, over and over, with the white silk, so as to form a firm edge. The outside edge of the square is finished in the same way. The effect of this novel marking is very beautiful, and is as durable as the damask itself.

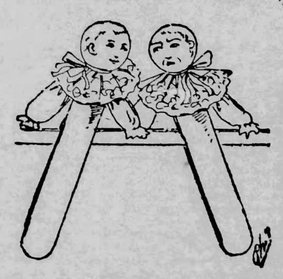
Bambino Scent Sachet.

From pale blue satin, cut a piece six inches square and embroider upon it, in an all over pattern daisies in their natural colors. Tack on the wrong side a square of perfumed batting, and over this a square of cream colored or white satin. Fasten these together with a buttonholed scallop around the edges. Procure a tiny doll, wrap in swaddling clothes of cream cashmere or any fine goods. Fold the

sachet, tacking down the corners as shown in the illustration; slip the baby inside, and fasten it there with bands of narrow ribbon near its feet and head.—Thusy.

Music Page Holders.

To make one, select two clothespins that are perfectly smooth, and spread widely at the open end, and gild them all over or enamel them in any delicate tint. Glue to the top a solid pad made of narrow strips of muslin or cambric wound into a round ball nearly an inch in diameter, pat it down around the top of the clothespin, wind a bit of muslin smoothly over the joining, cover the whole with a layer of sheet wadding, and over that fit a covering of soft white or flesh-tinted silk, making it as smooth as possible, and tying it on, around the neck of the pin, with a tightly drawn thread. For the arms, make little rolls of cambric, cover them with silk or lace baby sleeves, and attach them, one at each side of the neck,



with needle and thread and a drop of glue on the shoulder of the pin. Paint the faces as reprsented, using oil or water colors, or simply sketch the features and lightly outline the hair with sepia.

Put a ruffle of embroidered silk or pretty lace around the neck, finishing it at the top with a shirred heading or a ribbon tied in a bow at one side. Mount the pins on a slender gilded or enameled hardwood stick, passed through them as seen in the sketch and glued to position; then, with tiny tacks and glue, fasten the back side of the falling sleeve-ruffles to the ends and middle of the stick.

Open a music book, slip the pins over the top, one on each side, and see how useful the happy, smiling little twins can be. As sketched, one is trying with all its little might to assist in the singing, while the other is delightedly listening.—Heralda.

Rose Lamp Mat.

Materials: One oz. of rose-colored Dorcas Saxony for the roses, and two shades of green for leaves; one oz. of olive for the center of the mat. With the olive make a chain of 6 stitches and fasten in a circle; in circle work 10 long crochet stitches. Continue to make long crochet stitches round and round, taking care to widen sufficiently to make the mat lie perfectly flat, until it is the required dimension. Fasten. Cut a circle out of cardboard, the size of mat, cover it with silk, and sew the mat securely to the cardboard. The roses and leaves for border are made as follows: Fold a slip of writing paper three-quarters of an inch wide. Take the rose colored wool and crochet one ch; wind the Saxony 3 times around the paper, and hook and draw through with short crochet st. Continue until you have a piece 10 or 12 inches long. Fasten. Slip it off the paper and wind it round in shape of rose, sewing it with needle and thread. Now take the darkest shade of green and crochet 12 chains, and in each chain make a treble point crochet. At the point of leaf, crochet 12 treble crochets in the same st to make the point lie flat. Make 3 of these leaves. Work 1 row of Afghan st round the edge with light green, and work stem stitch down the center, and vein with same. Attach the ends of leaves together and put rose where leaves are joined, and fasten to edge of the mat.—Anna.

A Cravat Case.

This should be about twenty inches long by nine inches wide, when finished. It should be lined with white India silk in which a thickness of French cotton is tacked, the tackings being one and one-half inches apart, and the edge finished with a good-sized cord. Across both ends, in the inside, tack ribbon. This is to be placed five inches from ends. One may be also placed in center. This keeps the different styles of necktles (whether long or short) in place. A dark shade of material is best, with the designs done in lighter colors, with outline in gold.

If a light shade is wanted, chamois skin is a beautiful material to decorate with painted design or otherwise. A dark shade of old pink or red is suitable, unless coloring of room is known to call for something else. This, ornamented with discs with broken edges, done in long and short, or a spray of vine done in fine gold with cone embroidery, is a suitable decoration, flowers being out of place.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

A Helpful Letter From Primrose, and Some More "Bird" Letters.

Washing Baby's Flannels.

Having had nearly all of my baby's flannels ruined by a careless laundress, I was determined to wash new flannel garments myself and knowing how to wash them, I give my rule for the benefit of other young housekeepers.

I make a strong suds, but never rub soap on the flannel, and have the water about as warm as the hands can bear. I rub them with my hands through two soapy waters if much soiled, and squeeze instead of wring them. Rinse in warm, clear, soft water twice, then through the "blue" water of the same temperature. I never dry them out doors in freezing weather, as it will surely shrink them, but on sunny days always hang them out, they dry very quickly and it is necessary to bring them in and iron before thoroughly dried.—Primrose.

The Home-Made Article.

My opinion as to wearing birds on our hats is that though they undoubtedly make a hat look very stylish and dressy, still just as good results can be obtained without using them. Most people think that the skin and feathers of real birds are used in this trimming, but I visited a large manufactory once and when I asked one of the employes how they could be so cruel as to kill so many birds, she looked very much astonished and said they shipped from that house daily thousands of birds all made by pasting onto canvas frames the feathers of black birds, crows, chickens, etc., and I cannot see any harm in wearing birds of that kind, on our hats and bonnets.—Cecilia.

Thinks Ribbons Will Do.

I am glad the editor has asked us to write on the subject of killing inoffensive birds. My opinion is that it is wicked and sinful, and while I love and admire the little birds when they are alive, I do not think their poor little murdered bodies the least bit ornamental; in fact, it makes me feel bad to see women who should have kind and gentle hearts to all of God's creatures, wearing a corpse for ornamental purposes, and it seems to me with such a varied assortment of flowers, ribbons, gold and precious stones as there is in the world, to be quite useless. I think there can be no law of right by which it can be done. We are told in the Bible that not one sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father.

I think it the duty of every woman and man to use their influence to put a stop to the destruction of the birds. We are told that certain species of birds are being entirely destroyed, and near the towns boys and girls rob every nest found to add to their egg collections. These things will result in the destruction of crops and fruit by myriads of insects.

I think we should regard all living things as God's creatures, to be treated with kindness and used only for the purpose He created them, and He surely never intended their lives to be taken away to gratify pride, which He condemns.—Mrs. Ira Bailey.

It May be New to Some One.

I agree with Frances Howard that we need something to give us better thoughts, something that will lift us up out of the ruts, into which we, as hard-working women ,are apt to fall. The trouble is, or one trouble at least, is that those things that we would be so glad to hear about, are so common with some of our sisters that they do not think they are worth writing about. Once, a long time ago, I visited in a large factory where cotton cloths and prints were made. I had never seen anything of the kind and when I expressed a desire to visit the factories my hostess looked surprised and said: "Why, there is nothing worth seeing there—it is all dirt and noise." Inquiry showed that though she had lived in the place for ten years, she had never yet visited these, to me, wonderful places, where the raw cotton was changed into the cloth and then printed in many patterns and colors, by machinery that seemed almost human, it did appointed work so well. Her excuse was, "The mills are always there, and knowing that I could go through them at any time, I have kept putting off going till I began to think it would not be worth while."

So with those who live almost in the shadow of the great mountains, you will very often find that while strangers will come many miles to visit them, these people have never thought it worth while to ascend them, or go to them. Every one must have something that will be of interest to some one, near their homes, so do not hesitate to write of these things, or of the new books you have, because you are so familiar with them that you think others would not enjoy them.—Isabella C.

Our correspondent has struck the key-note of helpfulness to others. Do what each one can, even though it may seem prosaic, for it will be sure to interest some one and add to the brightness of life.—Ed.

Inquiries and Answers.

Will "Cecelia" please send her full address to the editor of the Household?

Mrs. Maggie H.:—We shall be glad to have the poem you mention.—Ed.

Stephen:—Please accept the editor's thanks for the beautifully written copy of the song you sent. It will appear, shortly, in The Blade.—Ed.

Thomas J.:—All members of the Household are welcome to write for its columns at any time and upon any subject of general interest. We do not pay for such communications, neither do we charge anything for publishing them. All you need do to become a member, is to subscribe for the Weekly or Daily Blade. We shall hope to hear from you soon on some of the subjects you mention.—Ed.

Mamie C. L.:—Was the poem you sent to The Blade, June 1, original with you? The editor could not understand from your letter whether it was or not. If it was, you have reason to feel very proud of it.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Will some one inform me how to weave rugs in which the rags are gathered?—E. L. B.

Will some one send recipe for canning green corn so it will not spoil?—A Subscriber.

FATHER ABBEY'S WILL.

To my dear wife my joy my life
I freely now do give her,
My whole estate with all my plate
Being just about to leave her.

One tub of soap one old cart rope,
An iron pan and kettle;
An ashen pail, a thrashing flail,
An iron wedge and beetle.

This is all I can remember of this poetry. Will some one send the whole of the piece to The Blade?—Stephen.

Will the lady who told what would stop cramps in the limbs, please tell us again?

Will some one send the words of the songs called "The Young Folks at Home" and of "Sweet Afton?"—Mrs. A. A. L.

Answers.

If the one who wanted to know how to clean shells will cover the inside with melted tallow (beef or mutton) and then put them into muriatic acid, a weak solution, she can clean them by scraping and brushing. She can tell by trying how strong to make the solution. The tallow keeps the acid from eating the inside. You can make them very handsome by varnishing after they are clean.—Mrs. A. A. L.

Mrs. A. A. L. is assured that she is very welcome after her long absence from the Household, and that we all hope that she will come again.—Ed.

MOODS.

The sunlight crossed my path to-day;
A brown thrush on a hawthorn spray
Swung back and forth across the blue;
The hop-vines leapt an inch or two
Along their poles toward the sun;
The sparrows chirped that nests were done;
The calyx broke—a rose was born:
I heard the snap of growing corn;
The world had taken the spring to wife,
And all the air was tense with life:
And yet, through some gray mood's despite,
I feel no love of life to-night.

Yet I recall a time of pain,
A shadowless gray day of rain,
And soundless, save the sobbing storm,
With cold no hearth-fire e'er may warm,
A cold that lies against the heart;
Yet in my veins I felt the start
Of strength to grapple death in strife,
Instinct with keenest love of life.
—Charles Washington Coleman, in Harper's Bazar.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

"All Cooks Agree On This, No Savory Dish Without an Onion."

The Household cook invited the would-be poet who takes a great interest in her department, indeed he has appointed himself to be taster-in-chief whenever the cooking school-girls are experimenting there—to write something for the head of this column, and the above is the result of his meditation for which he modestly claims only the right of a discoverer not being able as yet to write anything orignial. As usual with his selections it contains more truth than poetry, and our old time friend "Primrose" sends us this week some recipes to prove the truth of statement. First, she tells us about

Bean Salad.

Take the strings from young, tender beans and break into half inch pieces. Wash in two waters, cook until soft in salt water; drain, add onion chopped very fine, vinegar, salt and pepper. When cold add a little pure olive oil.

And then she gives a recipe for a very easily prepared

Potato Salad.

Chop fine boiled potatoes left from dinner, add a raw onion chopped fine, salt and pepper. Pour over this a dressing made of the yolks of two hard boiled eggs, mustard and a pinch of salt, mash fine and add a little melted butter or olive oil. Dilute the mixture by adding a teacupful of vinegar, a teaspoonful at a time. Garnish by slicing two boiled eggs and laying over the salad.

And an appetizing recipe for

Meat Left-Overs.

Cut up rather finely scraps of either boiled, roasted or fried meat. Put into the frying pan with some butter, pepper and salt, and when browned sufficiently add a cup of boiling water, a little thickening of flour and water and a dash of pepper. Boil up once and serve hot with fried potatoes, or better still with baked potatoes.

And this delicious dish for luncheon is also from "Primrose."

Lemon Toast.

Take the yolks of three fresh eggs, beat thoroughly, add one and one-half cupfuls sweet milk. Cut several small slices of bread, dip them into the egg and milk, fry until a delicate brown. Take the whites of the three eggs, beat to a froth, add one cupful of sugar, the juice of one lemon and one cupful boiling water. Serve as a sauce over the toast.

Another old and valued correspondent sends two recipes for using pineapple.

Cake Filling.

Pare and grate one-half of a good-sized pineapple, add one-half cupful of sugar, bring to a boil and when cold spread between the layers of cake made from any good recipe.

Pineapple Butter.

Grate the pines and add one quart of sugar to one quart of the grated fruit. Cook slowly till it is thick, stirring it often to prevent its burning. Seal while hot in glasses.—Peggie Clover.

INTERESTING ITEM.

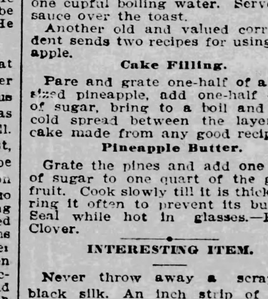
Never throw a scrap of black silk. An inch strip of black silk is a boon sometimes. After ripping up the old gown take three or four old kid gloves and put them to boil in a pint of water. Let them boil for an hour, strain through a cloth, and put in the liquid a quart or more of hot water and a tablespoonful of borax. Lay your silk flat on a perfectly clean table that has no seams or cracks in it, and rub every inch of the silk with the mixture, till it is thoroughly saturated and all spots are removed. Then fix a tub of warm water, in which put a liberal quantity of borax, and pick the silk up by the corners and dip it up and down in the tub of water. Dip and dip until it is well rinsed, then take out to the line, where you have pinned a long strip of cloth about a foot wide. To the edge of this cloth pin the silk by the extreme edge, stretching it so that it is not wrinkled and does not droop. Let it drip dry, and it will need no ironing. Do this on a bright day, when there is no wind. Black ribbons may be cleaned the same way.—New York Telegram.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Greet the Gentleman From Nebraska and Receive New Topics.

Mr. S. S. Kaufman, of Gothenburg, president of the Order of Blade M. G. Rs. in Nebraska, was born on a farm in Snyder county, Pa., and went West with his parents when only a boy, living upon a farm near Elkhart, Ind., for three years; then in Rolla, Mo., where he learned the carpenter's trade, and spent eight years in the station service of the 'Frisco railway, being promoted during the time from helper to the agency of the station.

Resigning this position, he went to Stromsburg, Neb., engaging in mercantile business until February 1, 1888, when he moved to Gothenburg, and assisted in starting the State



S. S. KAUFMAN, NEBRASKA.

Bank, of which he is now cashier. He is an active member of the M. E. church, the Tpworth League, American Institute of Civics, several secret societies and other associations, and as such takes a deep interest in the social, intellectual and moral improvement of people in general and young people in particular.

Reports have been received from Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Fennsylvania, South Dakota, Missouri and Indiana.

New subjects for discussion are announced as follows:

Washington—President, Mr. Frank Goodwin, Walla Walla; membership 13; subject for July discussion: "Resolved, that the contemplation and study of nature in all her grandeur tends more towards happiness than all other studies combined."

Indiana—President, Miss Laura Gibson, Delphi; membership 61; subject: "Has not James Whitcomb Riley, with his Hoosier dialect, created a wrong impression regarding us, and been detrimental to our state?"

West Virginia — President, Miss Mary L. Matlick, Cecil; membership, 18; subject: "Should the compulsory school law be established in West Virginia?"

Iowa—President, Miss Carrie M. Kepner, No. 706 W. Fourth street, Des Monies; membership, 48; subject: "Hypnotism; its uses and abuses."

Michigan—President, Miss Leia A. Peterson, Brooklyn; membership, 28; subject: "Which is preferable—city or country life?"

Illinois — President, Miss Victoria Green, Toledo; membership, 47; subject: "What is the best method for self-improvement or culture."

Tennessee—President, Mr. Newton C. Myers, Myers; membership, 12; subject: "Resolved, that immigration is detrimental to educational, governmental and general good."

Pennsylvania—President, Mr. R. M. Humphrey, Fisher; membership, 32; subject: "Is dancing more hurtful than useful, and why?"

The Chaperone's Confidential.

Will the M. G. Rs. please note the change in the address of the Iowa president, and act accordingly?

Cara Mia: The pencil was most excusable under the circumstances and Miss Prudence would like very much to see the "Baby Nurse" in her "cap and gown."

Sweet Peas: You are very welcome; come again soon.

Moxie: Three months' subscribers are eligible to M. G. R. privileges, the idea being to make it so pleasant for them that they will become yearly subscribers later on. The Chaperone sympathizes with you in your disappointment, but hopes for "better luck next time."

Staly Elam: Any one who is a member of a family where The Blade is taken can become a M. G. R. by writing for admission. For fuller particulars send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Miss Prudence, care Blade, Toledo, O.

Geo. Lamielle: Tell us about the country, by all means, but kindly omit mosquitoes!

Alice S.: The Circle will be glad to see you again.

Little Rhody: The Chaperone thanks you very much for the flowers; they were still beautiful, though a little faded, and are fastened over my writing table side by side with some Michigan violets sent by Inda a few weeks ago.

Pussy Willow: Your question is answered at the head of this column.

Lapus Calami: Montana has only five members, so is not entitled to a president. Cannot you help to increase the membership to ten, the required number for state organization See answer to Staly Elam.

Opehla: Your name is on the M. G. R. list; the Chaperone thinks you must have overlooked your letter. Tell us about Puget Sound, certainly.

The three months' subscription lists are rolling in rapidly, and if the M. G. R. workers experience half the satisfaction on receiving their badge that Miss Prudence feels in wearing hers, they will acknowledge themselves amply repaid for their trouble.

Letters have been filed this week from Lapsus Calami, Raven, Mountain Boy and Peach Blossom.

Verna, O.: "I live on a farm of 180 acres in the Western Reserve, and think this the best month in the whole year, for now the roses are in full bloom. I agree with Oleo concerning Sam Igotus, and am very fond of reading and elocution."

Taxidermist, Mich.:—"I wish to tell the circle my grievance. Last night as I was reading the M. G. R. letters, a little kitten came into my room, and, unnoticed by me, got into my case of stuffed birds and ate up a red-bird; the poison in the bird killed the poor cat, and now I blame it all to the M. G. R.'s for writing such interesting letters as to make me unable to see what the kitten was doing! I would like to know what you will do about this; exile me for killing the kitten, or dump me into the ever ready waste basket. Agreeing with every member's opinion, I sign my old nom?"

Thistle-top, Oregon:—"I wish to say to the Raven that I think it a relic of barbarism to consider woman as man's inferior. She has proved herself brave in time of danger; I have read of several who enlisted in the army, and carried themselves bravely, and of many others who took up the work left by their fathers, husbands and brothers, and carried it through. I think they should be given the right to vote, and then those who are too timid and retiring to do so can still have the privilege of remaining at home."

Trailing Arbutus, Ill.:—"I wish to explain my long absence. I wrote a letter some time ago, but when I was ready to mail it I discovered that mamma had hidden it. She said I should not send another until some of my former ones had been printed; so please publish two or three of them, so I can write again! Tell Pauline her advice was taken, and I often think of her, though I do not write. If any of the M. G. R's are making stamp collections, I have about twenty varieties of foreign stamps, and will be glad to correspond and exchange with them."

Thistle, Pa.:—"I hope Eagle will soon catch the raven, for he croaks too loudly. Like a piece I remember concerning a rooster: 'Every morning he was crowing; long before the clock struck two,' and ending thusly: 'What a feast for baby foxes; what a smacking when 'twas through!' So the sooner Eagle catches him the better for both of us, in my estimation. What has become of Terance of O. W. C. I want another big slice of his grand 'pi,' please."

Sweet Sixteen, Ark., after filling several pages with a glowing description of the beauties of Arkansas lassies (a description, by the way, which Miss Prudence dares not put in the column, lest it cause the sudden and calamitous flight of all her boys to that state, finishes with these remarks: "Our pretty girls believe that a house well-kept, and a dinner well-cooked are the best proofs of a good houseKeeper; they have learned to distinguish between a suit of clothes and the fellow who wears them; also, that man is a rational being, with a head and heart, and not merely a machine to turn out so many dollars a day!

"Our girls are like rosebuds that will expand into full blown roses of matronly beauty, but they know the worth of their heart and hand too thoroughly to give them away too easily, and many say:

"'She who marries, keeps God's letter;
She who weds not, doeth better.'"

New England Girl, Man.:—"'I had a dream, which was not all a dream.' I saw Sam Igotus gazing fondly into the freckled face of a snub-nosed, red-haired girl, whom he called his beautiful bride. I saw Mollie Moore searching for a 'well-spring of joy' in a potato field; next I entered a magnificent building where I was cordially received by J. M. A., who introduced me to several M. G. R. school-ma'ams, and showed me cabinets of minerals; upon the door to each of which was printed 'I am a bachelor.' Presently I realized that I was in somebody's kitchen, and there stood Red Cloud, frying griddle cakes for a houseful of schoolmasters!"

Philosopher, Kan.:—"If the members have buried the bloody hatchet, and removed their war paint, I will return to smoke the peace pipe and amicably adjust matters. For Lenore's benefit may I say that Philosophers and mai-contents do not possess 'chicken' hearts, as she supposes but instead hearts that support them in the fixed and immutable causes they espouse. When will the M. G. R.'s, in the selection of subjects, learn to put away superficiality and delve into the very supreme depths, climb to the very citadel of thought? Write nothing that has not power of thought, beauty and lucidity of expression and sublimity of conception! Criticism is well; but remember that he who would pick a production to pieces must be greater than the master mind from which it emanated. In regard to Sam Igotus, I think that countenances are but the masks behind which may lurk minds of greatest nobility, and souls of sublime purity. Not much in faces, except as they reveal one's character, and then they are not a safe guide."

Philosopher is all right; in fact he is a personal (by correspondence, of course) friend of the Chaperone, and on this account she venture to ask him to send his next letter in words not to exceed two syllables. It will be useful practice for him, and a great relief to her nervous system.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS, ATTENTION!

The editor of the Household is glad to be able to announce that the badges have been hurried up, and there is now a sufficient supply to send one to each of the lucky members who win it as a prize in response to the following offer:

Toledo Weekly Blade

To be sent with each club of ten subscribers raised by a member of the M. G. R.

To each and all who will get for The Blade a club of 35 new subscribers for three months at ten cents each, the badge will be sent free. The names may be forwarded not less than 10 at a time, the coupon given below being enclosed with the name of the sender each time, until the number, 35, has been reached. The pin will then be mailed to the fortunate Merry-Go-Rounder.

The offer was to hold good for three months and several weeks have already passed away. A little work will win this beautiful badge, enlarge the number of The Merry-Go-Rounds, and give friendly help to The Blade in enlarging its circulation. Try it, and if success is yours, you will not be sorry.

The pin is of solid silver, with a sword holding in place three leaflets upon which are M. G. R. in raised letters. In smaller characters below are the words Toledo Blade. The shape and about the size are shown in the coupon. It is a beautiful ornament and cannot fail to please. Later on, when received in sufficient numbers it will be sold at a price sufficient only to cover cost of manufacture and mailing.

THE HAMLET OF HOCUS PO.

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the eighth day of the week,
On the twenty-fifth hour of the sixty-first minute we'll find all things that we seek.
They are there in the limbo of Lollipop land—a cloud island resting in air,
On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist, in the Valley of Overthere.

On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist, in the Valley of Overthere,
On a solid vapor foundation of cloud are palaces grand and fair.
And there is where our dreams will come true, and the seeds of our hope will grow,
On the Thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the Hamlet of Hocus Po.

On the Thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the Hamlet of Hocus Po,
We shall see all things of the sun we want to see, and know all we care to know;
For there the old men will never lament, the babies they never will squeak,
In the Cross-road Corners of Chaosville, in the County of Hideandgoseek.

In the Cross-road Corners of Chaosville, in the County of Hideandgoseek,
On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the eighth day of the week,
We shall do all the things that we please to do, and accomplish whatever we try,
On the sunset shore of Sometimcorother, by the beautiful Bay of Bimeby.

—S. W. Foss, in Woman's Journal.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Reports of Merry-Go-Round Presidents.

Indiana.

Question:—"Do you believe that all men are created free and equal, and that the child of wealth and refinement is not made of clay superior to that used in forming the one whose parents belong to the 'poor but honest' class?"—Laura Gibson, president.

The Raven of Wood's Edge:—"In reply to the question I say yes. Out of common clay, God created the human form and but one variety of material was used. Within this form the light of life was placed; this light is the soul, the intellect. All souls are created with the same faculties, but time and circumstances contribute to their advancement in one certain line more than another. Who can look in the face of a babe and read its future? Regardless of race and color or birth-right, beyond those baby-eyes is a soul immaculate, which like a plant grows by the culture given it. Practice condensation."

The Raven of Wood's Edge:—"In reply to the question I say yes. Out of common clay, God created the human form and but one variety of material was used. Within this form the light of life was placed; this light is the soul, the intellect. All souls are created with the same faculties, but time and circumstances contribute to their advancement in one certain line more than another. Who can look in the face of a babe and read its future? Regardless of race and color or birth-right, beyond those baby-eyes is a soul immaculate, which like a plant grows by the culture given it. Practice condensation."

"Because the parents of a child are poor and illiterate does that debar its soul from the abode of all souls? Nay, verily, though it be born in the depths of degradation and under clouds that seem impenetrable I say that child has the qualities which, if the right strings be pulled, will make it soar above its environments."

Hoosier School-Girl:—"Men of all ranks are equal in respect to the mechanism of their bodies, and mental faculties, but there is a difference in the way they direct these faculties, this, however, depends more upon the physical and moral circumstances in which they are placed than upon any difference in the faculties themselves.

"Place the son of a poor laborer in a position favorable to the development of his mental powers and he will display intelligence equal to those in the higher walks of life. Sound understanding, correct judgment and mental endowments, though destitute of polish, are as frequently found in the humbler classes as in the more elevated ranks.

Lastly, all men come to the same termination of their existence. The tombs of the higher classes may be adorned with sculptured marble or flattering inscription, but within the same loathsome sight is presented as in that of the beggar. This fully demonstrates the natural equality of mankind, and that there is no difference between the child of wealth and refinement, and the one of humble parentage. The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is maker of them all."

Iowa.

Question:—"Was the World's Fair at Chicago a detriment or benefit to the United States?"—Carrie M. Kepner, president.

Prairie Queen:—"I do not agree with Forest that the World's Fair was a detriment to the United States. Although some money was carried away by foreigners, I think those who attended it gained a better idea of different countries and ways of living than they could from books. Do you not think that in after days the pleasant thoughts derived from the trip will help to drive away daily care? I am sure it has been so in some cases. Taking everything into consideration I claim the fair was a benefit not only to the United States but the world at large."

Bookworm:—"It was detrimental in that it brought a great many foreigners into the country who would not have come otherwise, and because it took a great deal of money out of the United States, but in my opinion it was more of a benefit than a detriment on the whole."

U. No. Hoo. agrees with Bookworm in thinking it a benefit and says: "It showed the foreign powers that the United States was progressing in everything."

Rob Roy thinks it was one of the grandest events that has happened in the history of the world.

Hawkeye Rob is also of the opinion that it was a benefit. He says: "It made Chicago the center of the literary world, and it showed the sources and development of our country."

Tennessee.

Question:—"Which affords the greater amount of instruction, books or newspapers?"—Newton C. Myers, president.

Ivan:—"A man who reads nothing but first-class newspapers is without exception 'up-to-date,' posted from A to Z, but we must consider that some papers are like some books cheap and trashy.

"A man who reads nothing but books must necessarily find himself engaged with something from 10 to 4,000 years old, seven-eighths of his time. The papers of our nation give instruction on every subject in existence, while books are not so greatly diversified, and newspaper intelligence if correct must be more recent than that of books, consequently clearer of conception.

"The amount of font used in the print of newspapers exceeds that of binding, hence we conclude that each has its pro rata of discount because

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE.

Conflict Between A. P. A. Procession and Catholics.

Boston, Mass., July 5.—The exchange of bullets between the A. P. A. and its Catholic opponents occurred in the "little red school house" parade in East Boston, yesterday afternoon, and one Catholic was killed and two paraders are under arrest charged with firing the fatal shots. The school house feature was denied a place in the morning parade, but the A. P. A. order was given permission to parade separately in the afternoon. The line started at 1:30 o'clock from White Street Square, guarded by 300 policemen, and with 3,000 men in line. But the spectators, both hostile and friendly, numbered many thousands.

Members of the A. P. A. from all the cities around Boston had made the Island ward of Boston a rallying point, and they cheered the "red school house," as, lifted high above the heads of the policemen who guarded it, it moved down Meridian street. All the stoops were thronged with women, who waved their handkerchiefs and the men cheered and waved their hats. At intervals between the cheering could be heard a continuous hissing. It was at the rear of the column which, being unprotected by the police, was attacked by the crowd. All along Saratoga street a general fight was kept up.

At the corner of Brooks and Saratoga streets two young men drove up in a team with two small Irish flags on the horses' heads. They are reported as trying to drive through and being stopped. Then followed another general fight.

The police had been notified in the meanwhile, and small squads of them arrived none too soon. Clubs, bricks, and fists were busy. The paraders had one of the tormentors in their midst. He was on the ground covered with blood. The crowd came to his rescue, charged his assailants, and the fight had become general when the police came to their rescue. The police clubbed the innocent and guilty right and left. Michael Doyle's skull was broken in by a policeman's billy and he cannot live.

The fatal shooting occurred after the main part of the parade was over. In the line were two colored men whose words and presence seemed to especially excite the crowd. One of them was hit by a brick, and he drew his revolver. John Ross and Harold G. Brown, both of Boston, though not of his race, drew their revolvers in sympathy, and, it is said, fired at random at his assailants. John Wills, of East Boston, a Catholic longshoreman, fell fatally wounded.

When Wills fell a young man named John Quirk sprang toward him and bent over the bleeding body. He claims that Ross pointed his pistol at him and fired again. The bullet grazed his right temple. Patrick A. Kelly was also wounded in the temple, but it is not known definitely whether with a bullet or not.

Brown and Ross ran and were pursued by the crowd and finally captured in the houses where they had taken refuge. Brown is not over 21 years old, and was finely dressed in a duck suit and yachting cap. Ross is older, and is the man whom the witnesses say fired the fatal bullet. Wills died in a few minutes after the shooting. He leaves a widow and six children.

DESPERATE INDIANA RIOT.

Three Dead and Four Fatally Wounded.

English, Ind., July 6.—Startling reports of a desperate riot at Siberia, Perry county, are coming in by telephone and couriers from the scene of the encounter. Dr. Wm. Lomax, of White Sulphur Well, has just telephoned that a thousand men and women took part in the fight, that three men are dead, four fatally hurt, and 50 seriously injured.

Siberia is but a hamlet of a few dozen straggling houses and a Roman Catholic church, the congregation of which is composed of Germans. They are a simple and inoffensive people, but have been greatly annoyed recently by persons opposed to their religion.

On Thursday they planned to enjoy a great picnic in the woods surrounding the village. The entire population turned out to attend the picnic and all went smoothly enough until several gangs of disturbers appeared on the scene and began to insult the Germans and their wives. The priest counseled his people to avoid trouble if possible, and to pay no attention to the jeers of the half-drunken marauders. Mistaking this tolerance for cowardice, the intruders became bolder, and soon precipitated a fight, which in a few moments assumed the proportions of a desperate riot, in which everybody took part. Clubs, chairs and beer bottles were brought into play, and the peaceful picnic was immediately transformed into a great group of struggling, cursing men and screaming women.

Samuel Wilson, a leader of the outsiders, was armed with a huge knife, which he wielded on every side, stabbing and cutting many persons. He was finally opposed by a sturdy German, who was more than a match for him, until Wilson plunged the knife into his neck. As the man fell back, his wife sprang through the crowd and dealt Wilson a terrible blow with a beer bottle, crushing his skull. During the melee one of the intruders kicked a woman about to become a mother, killing the child, and fatally injuring her.

Cots and litters were hastily improvised, and the dead and wounded were removed to the church in the village, and all the physicians in the neighborhood called upon. Dr. Lomax, a surgeon of White Sulphur Well, and his two assistants were kept busy all of the night caring for the wounded. Dr. Lomax states that he saw 54 injured and believes that several of them will die. He says the fight began at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and continued for one hour.

The scene of the frightful riot resembles a battlefield after a severe encounter, with the exception that the dead and wounded have been removed. Broken bottles, clubs and splintered chairs litter the ground for half an acre. The sod, which, torn up by the struggling mass, is tinged with blood and bloody garments torn off in the desperate encounter, are strewn everywhere.

Up to this time there has never been a serious outbreak between the German Roman Catholics and their opponents in the vicinity, although there have been minor encounters indicating that the feeling of bigotry was growing. Threats were made that the toughs of the neighborhood would make trouble at the picnic, but the Germans relied upon their numbers to awe any attempt to disturb them. These threats had been made before, and no trouble had resulted so little attention was paid to them. For these reason none of the picnickers was armed or otherwise prepared for the onslaught which seems to have been well planned.

WAS AWAY TOO LONG.

Husband Absent 25 Years, Finds His Wife Remarried.

Waycross, Ga., July 5.—A most interesting case has just come to light here. The parties are D. D. Brown, who returned Wednesday after an absence of 25 years, and found his wife happily remarried. Brown is a Frenchman with an interesting history. He was in prison 25 years in France for murder. Brown has gone away again discouraged and heartbroken over his unkindly fate.

Great Silver Blowout.

Denver, Col., July 3—A special to the Times from Steamboat Springs, Col., reports the discovery of an immense blowout of silver bearing rock said to come from a blanket vein. The ore is said to run several hundred ounces of silver to the ton. There is already four or five hundred men on the ground, and hundreds of claims have been staked.

FURIOUS STORMS.

Terror, Destruction and Death Ride on the Gale.

Chicago, July 8.—One of the most furious wind and rain storms known in this vicinity for years passed over the city about 6 o'clock last evening, coming from the northwest.

Up to within twenty minutes of the descent of the storm upon the city the sky had been clear and the sun shining brightly. Suddenly heavy black clouds began to gather in the northwest, and a few minutes later a terrific gale of wind, accompanied by a perfect flood of rain, and furious thunder and lightning, was sweeping over the city. Shade trees were broken off close to the ground, awnings, signs, etc., torn away, and much minor damage done in the city proper. The wind moderated after about half an hour, but the furious rain continued for fully two hours, during which time the streets were running with water. The parks had been crowded all day with people seeking relief from the almost intolerable heat, and when the storm began there was a stampede for the various elevated and cable lines. The surface lines were all equipped with open cars, the canvas curtains on which afforded but slight protection in view of the furious gale which dashed the rain in torrents in every direction. As a result the occupants of every train made a sorry looking sight before they had traveled a block and most of them, after getting a thorough soaking, deserted the cars and sought the shelter of convenient stairways and stores along the street, and there they had to remain until after 7:30.

Many basements were flooded all over the city, and in some instances fire engines had to be called for to pump out stores. Several houses in the outlying districts of the city were struck by lightning and seriously damaged. Two small residences were completely destroyed, but no one was injured.

At the height of the storm a signal tower beside the Panhandle tracks at Ada street was blown over, and the towerman, August Boedlow, sustained fatal injuries. Several other people are reported painfully cut and bruised by flying debris. At 11 p. m. the police and life savers thought all the missing boats, both rowing and sailing, accounted for. The people in these boats, which were blown into the lake by the hurricane, report having had an awful experience. Charles Klein, John Ross, and Charles L. Shook, were out in a row boat when the storm burst, and of them no trace was found. The yawl boat of the yacht Hattie B. was picked up last evening off Twenty-sixth street, but it is thought the yacht weathered the gale, and made some other port.

The damage to telegraph and telephone wires northwest of the city was very great. Every telegraph wire was prostrated, many poles being carried away, and it was 10 o'clock before telegraphic communication was restored to Milwaukee. Even then it was very precarious, there being but two very shaky wires working, while the demand for service was enormous. Great gangs of repairers were out from both ends of the route.

Later reports coming in through the police and insurance patrols last evening show that the losses in the down town district alone will aggregate a large sum. The great department store of Rothschild & Co., occupying nearly 3-4 of a square and fronting on State street suffered most, nearly all the plate glass windows on the State street side being blown in and goods in the windows and for some distance back badly damaged by the flood of rain. Several persons who happended to be passing the store at the time received painful injuries from bits of flying glass, pieces of flagstaffs from the roof, etc. Plate glass windows were also blown in in several other large down town stores.

BAD WEATHER WESTWARD.

Cyclones, Sand Storms and Deluges Visit Many Points.

Pine Bluff, Ark., July 8.—A terrific cyclone swept over this city and adjacent territory north at 11 o'clock last night. All wires north and south are down. Small buildings and numerous parts of houses in this city were hurled away for great distances, but so far no loss of life is reported. This was the strongest wind storm that ever occurred in this section, and was followed by a large rain flood. An immense cloud preceded the cyclone and made the heavens appear as if on fire.

El Reno, O. T., July 8.—After three days of terible heat, El Reno was visited by a terrific wind and sand storm at 5 o'clock last evening. The North Methodist African church, two residences and the Texas livery stables were demolished and many other buildings were damaged. Several people were painfully injured. During the storm sand filled the air and it was as dark as night. For forty-eight hours preceding the storm the thermometer was never below 98, even at midnight. After the blow a heavy rain set in.

Peabody, Kan., July 8.—A terrible storm of rain and wind visited this town and vicinity Sunday. Much damage to barns, windmills and crops by the wind is reported. The streams are higher than they have been for ten years.

Eaton, Ga., July 8.—A terrible cyclone swept across this and Morgan counties about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. But meager accounts have been received, but it is known that two lives were lost and a number of persons severely injured, several of them severely. At Kellards station on the Middle Georgia and Atlantic railroad every house was torn to pieces.

Oswego, Kan., July 8.—A severe wind and rain storm swept over Oswego last evening. A number of dwellings and several other buildings were unroofed, including the opera house and three large brick store buildings. The water works standpipe, built at a cost of $8,000, was blown down. The corn and fruit crops were badly damaged. The loss in the town will be fully $30,000.

Topeka, Kan., July 8.—Last evening the little town of Canton was struck by a tornado and great damage was done. Nearly every house in the village was more or less injured. Many houses and barns were entirely demolished and a score of persons are reported injured.

TELEGRAPH WIRES TANGLED.

A Pretty Mess, Made by the Storm, at Milwaukee.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 8.—As a result of last night's storm, the only reliable means of quick communication this morning was the long distance telephone. The Western Union lines, as well as those of the Postal and the Chicago & Milwaukee Telegraph companies, were prostrated to such an extent, that aside from the telephone, railroad trains were the best substitute available to move the staggering accumulation all through the night and well into the business day Monday, the telegraph officials seemed utterly helpless to straighten out the confusion and wreck. So apparently inextricable was the tangle that matter offered to the Western Union at outside points for Milwaukee and other points north was returned to the senders, owing to prostration of the wires. The situation was a forcible reminder of the great blizzard in New York, in which Roscoe Conkling lost his life, and in which the telegraph companies were brought to a standstill.

Delavan, Wis., Swept.

Delaven, Wis., July 8.—The most destructive rain and wind storm that ever visited this locality came yesterday afternoon. The wind blew down houses and barns, uprooted trees and plowed up corn fields. On the south shore of Delaven lake the devastation was greatest. A portion of the roof of the Mettowee hotel was blown off and great trees were broken like pipe stems. The wind was accompanied by a deluge of rain and great hail stones that broke windows and leveled fields of grain. The roads and fields are strewn with debris of trees, fences and buildings.

Child Eaten by a Hog.

Owosso, Mich., July 6.—The two-year-old child of Edward Frost, of Venice township, was killed and eaten by a vicious hog yesterday. The child's father was absent at the time, and the mother did not notice its absence until too late.

PEGASUS BRICE IN HIS GREAT HURDLE ACT.

J. STERLING MORTON WRITES.

Vast Volumes of Value From Viewless Viscera of Vacuity.

Topeka, Kas., July 8.—W. C. Campbell, of Topeka, who wrote a satire, which was set to music, entitled "A Graduate of Coin's Financial School," recently sent a copy of it to Secretary of Agriculture Morton. Acknowledging the receipt of it, Mr. Morton says:

My Dear Sir: I hasten to thank you for "A Graduate of Coin's Financial School," set to music and to express my appreciation of the satire therein contained.

Until the money creed of these financial philosophers was evolved, mankind generally supposed that it required something more than legislation for the statute making, to institute thrift and prosperity. In the dark ages, however, the alchemists, necromancers and enchanters with weird ceremonies professed to transmute worthlessness into value and to change the form and character of material things by mere incantations. They fought the philosopher's stone, and their search for the means of compounding gold out of baser metals was in vain. Centuries ago they left that field of experimentation.

It remained for Bland, Bryan, Stewart, Teller, Sibley and their zealous disciples, by mere wagging of their "silver tongues," to evoke from the viewless viscera of vacuity vast volumes of value. When these financial enchanters shall have thoroughly demonstrated and established their theories of making wealth and prosperity through the mere "be it enacted" of legislation, all mankind will be at rest, an eternal holiday and absolute worklessness will settle down upon this luxuriant and beautiful globe. Legislation will take the place of human effort, physical and intellectual. Money, food, raiment, meat and drink, board and lodging, will be secured by statutes, and Paradise regained by enactment.

Respectfully yours,
J. STERLING MORTON.

CHAIRMAN MAFFITT SAYS NO.

Will Call a Convention Only When Formally Requested To.

St. Louis, July 6.—Two more conferences were held yesterday between Chairman Maffitt, of the state Democratic executive committee and representative of the free silver county chairman. Chairman Maffitt refused to yield and declared he would call a convention only when formally requested to do so by a majority of the county chairmen of the state.

ELKHORN MINING TROUBLES.

Federal, State and County Forces Prepared Against Violence.

Charleston, W. Va., July 8.—Governor MacCorkle said last night that he would try to induce the operators in the Elkhorn and Bluefield regions to make an honest effort to resume work Monday, and if they say they cannot he will at once order the troops out to protect all men who want to work. The governor says he is confident troops will have to be ordered out today. However, telegrams received at the state house from the Elkhorn region yesterday indicate that there is apparently no cause for immediate apprehension of trouble there. A dispatch was received from Lawless, the local labor leader in that section, stating he had ordered all the strikers to cease carrying guns as per order of the governor, except two or three who will act as his bodyguard, as he says his life has been threatened by guards employed by the company. The governor replied by saying he was glad to hear of the decision of the leader and warning him that turbulent disturbances must cease or troops would be called out to suppress them.

The governor said Sunday morning that he had been advised that United States Marshal Garden and eight deputies arrived at Elkhorn Sunday and took possession of the railroad property. This was the first information Governor MacCorkle or Adjutant Holly received that the federal authorities were taking a hand in suppressing the trouble.

HONDURAN SILVER MONEY.

Indian Mahogany Cutters Studying a Financial Problem.

New York, July 8.—A special to the World from Belize says. The Indian mahogany cutters complain that the adoption by the colony of the gold standard has cut their wages in two. They have sent one of their chiefs here to demand that the silver coins which they have received in payment for their work be accepted at their par value and not subjected to a discount. It is impossible to convince the Indians that a gold standard is an advantage to the country, as they point to the fact that they have been juggled out of half their pay.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED STRIKERS

Gathered, and the American Wire Works Did Not Start Up.

Cleveland, O., June 8.—About 1,500 striking workmen were in the vicinity of the American wire company's works at 7 o'clock. The company had posted notices that the plant would be started to-day. A large detail of police was on hand, but there was no trouble of any kind. Not a man applied for work and the starting of the works was postponed for the time being.

No attempt was made to resume work at the Baackes wire nail or H P. Nail Co.'s works. Nearly 3,000 men are idle on account of the strike.

TIMES ARE SURELY BETTER.

The Pullman Palace Car Co. Raises Wages Ten Per Cent.

Chicago, July 6.—The Pullman Palace Car company has advanced the wages of its employes at the Pullman shops 10 per cent, the advance affecting about 4,000 people. No formal announcement has been made by the company of its action, as the advance had been gradually taking effect in various departments at different times during the last two weeks.

James R. Garfield Nominated.

Warren, O., July 3.—James R. Garfield, son of the late President Garfield, was nominated for state senator yesterday by acclamation in the 21th and 26th joint district convention.

HER ENOCH ARDEN RETURNED.

Lovers of Long Ago Meet by Chance and Are Married.

Council Bluffs, Ia., July 3.—The Rev. Clarence L. Davenport, of Joliet, Ill., and Dr. Clara B. Lawrence were married here to-day.

Mr. Davenport and Miss Lawrence were lovers years ago in an Eastern state, but the engagement was declared off. Mr. Davenport subsequently married another lady and went with her to Africa, where he stayed several years with Bishop Taylor, doing missionary work among the savages. Upon his return his wife died in Des Moines. He started for the West ,intending to leave again for Africa. He had heard of the Christian home and decided to stop over a train and make the acquaintance of the management. He rang the door bell, and it chanced to be answered by Miss Lawrence, whom he had neither seen nor heard from since their separation years before. Mrs. Lemen, wife of the manager, heard a cry, and running in to see what was the matter, was shocked to find that Miss Lawrence had fainted and what was still worse, had fainted directly into the arms of Mr. Davenport. It was then aranged that a marriage should be celebrated.

AN ATTEMPTED REVENGE.

Jilted, He Sent His Inamorata an Infernal Machine.

Tacoma, Wash., July 8.—Mrs. Mattie Chambers, of Centralia, has received an infernal machine. Her father says the box containing the machine was addressed to her by the Rev. B. F. Fuller, a Christian church minister, who was jilted by Mrs. Chambers about a year ago and was last heard of at Raleigh, N. C.

A year ago Fuller promised to go away and not press his suit longer, but later when he learned that rumor coupled Mrs. Chambers' name with that of William Hale, of Centralia, he wrote her several letters, objecting to Hale's attention. No attention was paid to his missives, and then the infernal machine arrived.

The country postmaster's curiosity probably saved the woman's life, as he pried open the box when he saw the end of sandpaper protruding through a break in the package. The postal authorities and the United States marshal are investigating with a view of arresting the sender of the machine.

WILL SELL HER JEWELS.

Mrs. Leland Stanford to Part With the Famous Eugenie Necklace.

San Francisco, July 3.—Mrs. Leland Stanford is about to start for Europe where she will dispose of her collection of jewels, valued at over half a million dollars. Among the jewels is the famous Empress Eugenie diamond necklace, for which Mrs. Stanford paid a fabulous price.

The reason for Mrs. Stanford's action is her desire to make the Stanford university a success. The litigation with the government over the Stanford estate has tied up the income, and funds are badly needed to maintain the university. In order to raise the necessary money, Mrs. Stanford will sacrifice her jewels.

STOCK YARDS SOLD.

Nearly a Million Paid for the Sioux City Plants.

Sioux City, Ia., July 3.—The Union Stock Yards were sold here yesterday in accordance with an order of the federal court. The entire property, including all union stock yards property, Cudahy, Silberhorn and Heller packing houses, Sioux City Dressed Beer & Canning company's plant and equipments for carrying on business was sold to I. C. Elston, president of the Sioux City Stock Yards company for $700,000.

TRIED TO BULL THE MARKET.

Now Wesley Davis is Missing and Creditors Are Out $40,000.

Kansas City, Mo., July 3.—Developments at Rossville, Kan., show that Wesley Davis, the grain dealer who disappeared last week after an unsuccessful attempt to bull the grain market of Kansas City, owes about $40,000. His creditors are principally farmers of Rossville township, Shawnee county, Kansas.

HERE'S A CONCESSION.

G. A. R. Funerals Go in Catholic Cemeteries.

St. Louis, July 8.—Archbishop Kain has made a decision that removes the ban placed by some priests on Grand Army funerals. Under his ruling members of the G. A. R. attending funerals may enter the church wearing their uniforms and insignia, and may conduct funerals in accordance to their ritual in Catholic cemeteries.

PILE OF GOLD, "TAKE IT AWAY."

California Restauranter Falls Heir to a Fortune in Italy.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 3.—A restaurant keeper, named Scotto, has received information to the effect that he has fallen heir to four million francs in Italy. His uncle died some time ago, leaving a large estate, to which Scotto is the only heir.

GOOD FOR OHIO.

Youngstown Ships Its First Cargo to the Britishers.

Youngstown, O., July 3.—A consignment of 1,000 tons of steel billets has just been shipped from here to the seaboard on an order from England. This is the first shipment of steel from this point to Europe.

Will Wipe Out the Town.

Chicago, July 6.—A dispatch from Butte, Mont., says that the extensive coal mines of the Anaconda company in the town of Belt, have been shut down without notice or explanation and nearly a thousand men thrown out of employment. The town depends entirely on the coal mines. Unless work is soon resumed the place will be deserted.

Wages Go Up.

Middlesboro, Ky., July 5.—The Watts steel and iron syndicate has voluntarily increased the wages of their employes 10 per cent. Business is excellent.

LIQUOR ON SUNDAY.

New York Hotels Resort to Subterfuge to Defeat the Sunday Law.

New York, July 3.—The Hotel Men's association, which numbers among its members the proprietors of about every prominent hotel in the city, has decided to resist the attempts of the police to prevent them from selling liquor Sundays and to go to the courts if necessity.

The hotel men claim it is their right under the law to sell liquor to their guests Sundays with meals, so the whole issue rests on what makes a man a guest of a hotel and what constitutes a meal.

Until the present crusade the hotels served anybody who took a seat at a table in the cafe or restaurant, making no further effort to comply with the law regarding meals than to keep a plate of crackers and cheese on the table. At the meeting it was decided to take their stand. So there has been prepared a little bill of fare for the Sunday drinkers. At the top there are a lot of five-cent dishes—sandwiches, potato salad, crackers and cheese, etc. There are other dishes listed on the bill costing as high as $1, but those high-priced dishes are merely put there to give tone to the bill. The five-cent dishes are what the thirsty are expected to order. The customer will not be charged for what he orders to eat from the five-cent list if he is a regular patron of the place.

The hotelkeepers will not limit the amount of liquor they will sell to a guest on an order of one five-cent meal any more than they would to the guest who orders a $5 dinner on any other day. They hold that the purchase of a sandwich makes the purchaser a guest and that the sandwich constitutes a meal.

Acting Chief of Police Conlin says the action of the hotel men is the boldest sort of subterfuge. "The intention of the law," he says, "clearly was to provide that regular guests of a hotel, those having rooms in the house, could be served with liquor Sundays at their meals or in their rooms. We shall keep on making arrests until the courts declare that we have not a right to do so."

The courts have seemed to favor the hotel view of it. At Hollender's in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street on Sunday liquor was sold upon a customer ordering sandwiches. Two waiters were arrested. When arraigned in the Harlem police court to-day City Magistrate Crane discharged them, taking occasion to remark that it was not within the province of the police to say whether a meal, to come within the meaning of the excise law, should consist of a mere water cracker or of a roast of beef. Hereafter the excise law will be enforced in all restaurants in New York, they not coming under the head of hotels.

STRANGERS WENT DRY

While New Yorkers Drank Their Cocktails as Usual.

New York, July 8.—Yesterday in police parlance was a dry Sunday. This, however, was not strictly true. A stranger in New York might travel the whole city over without being able to quench his thirst, but the man who knew the bartender or the saloonkeeper, or the "man at the door," had no need to go thirsty. The police, however, made a determined effort to enforce the laws and doubtless the saloons were as tightly shut as they can be closed during the operations of the present law. Where it was believed that the laws were being violated, officers were stationed at the door and the saloonkeeper was either obliged to shut up or remain inside, while no customers were allowed to enter.

The drug stores sold little liquor. Even the excursion steamers sailing from the city closed their bars. Altogether the determination of the police commissioners to enforce the excise law was carried into execution with unexpected rigidity.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHER DEAD.

Was Alexander's Hester's Pictures That Inspired "Hiawatha."

Chicago, July 5.—Alexander Hester, who was Chicago's first photographer, died to-day at an advanced age. Mr. Hester was a famous daguerreotypist, and became prominent in the '50's through his pictures about the vicinity of the present site of Minneapolis. In 1851 he gave a view of the falls at that place to a brother of Charles Sumner, the statesman, who in turn gave it to the poet Longfellow. Some time later he received one of the first copies of "Hiawatha" with an autograph letter of thanks for his picture from Longfellow, who declared that the little daguerreotype had inspired the poem.

WITH A SNUG FORTUNE

B. H. Fitzgerald Embarks on the Old Soldiers' Colony Enterprise.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 9.—B. H. Fitzgerald started for Georgia Sunday morning. He goes to close the purchase of land for the old soldiers colony. He said he has $125,000 in bank with which to begin business. Mr. Fitzgerald says that he thinks he will secure 20,000 acres now, and that money from the subscribers to the colony scheme will come on until the entire $350,000 necessary to take up all the land is available.

SHE MARRIED A LORD

And is Now Discovered by Her Canadian Father.

Guelph, Ont., July 6.—William Mooney, a tailor of the little village of Rothsa, is the center of a little romance. Mooney discovered that Loretto Addis, the San Francisco variety actress who recently married Lord Shilto Douglas, son of the Marquis of Queensbury, is his daughter. The girl left home some years ago, and it was only recently that Mooney learned of her whereabouts.

INDIANA LIQUOR LAW.

The Nichols Law Defied and Will Be Thoroughly Tested.

Cincinnati, July 8.—A special to the Commercial Gazette from Lawrenceburg, Ind., says: Several local societies gave a picnic yesterday at which they sold beer in defiance of the Nichols liquor law. When the sheriff came to enforce the law the committee interfered and prevented him. It is intended by the liquor element to make a test case, as all of the committee will be arrested.

STORM'S TERRIBLE VIOLENCE.

Thirty Farmhouses Wrecked Near Newton, Kansas.

Newton, Kas., July 8.—A tornado of terrible violence and widespread extent swept over the country between this city and Canton between 7 and 8 o'clock last night, destroying everything in its path. In this city four houses were wrecked and over 30 farm houses are known to have been completely destroyed. It is reported that 25 people were injured, seven of them fatally.

ONLY THREE SURVIVE.

Death of Thomas Phillips Who Charged With the "600."

Jackson, Mich., July 6.—Thomas Phillips, one of the four survivors of the historic charge of the 600 at Balaklava on October 25, 1854, died yesterday at his home at Woodville. He had lived in America for twenty years. The other three survivors are living in England.

Ex-Governor Stevenson's Suicide.

San Luis Obispo, Cal., July 8.—Ex-Governor Ela. Stevenson, of Idaho, committed suicide Saturday at Paraiso Springs, a health resort near here. Ex-Governor Stevenson arrived at Paraiso Springs June 5. He was afflicted with sciatica and was in a helpless condition. It is supposed that during the night the pain returned and, in desperation, he took a large dose of laudanum.

Grover Receives a Protest.

San Jose, Cal., July 3.—The astronomers of the Lick observatory to-day sent a joint telegram to President Cleveland protesting against the removal of Prof. George Davidson, chief of the coast and geodetic survey, and asking for his reinstatement.

FOREIGN.

BIG BATTLE EXPECTED.

Spanish Troops Will Move Little Until Cooler Weather.

Havana, July 8.—Generals Salcedo and Bazan, while out scouting in the fields near Yateras, had a skirmish with the insurgents who left ten dead upon the field. On the side of the troops two soldiers were killed and six were wounded.

General Navarro has had an engagement with the Sousa band of insurgents at Bottja, Santiago de Cuba. The insurgents lost two killed, left two wounded behind them, and in addition the Spanish troops captured two prisoners. Capt. Gen. Martinez de Campos has issued a proclamation saying that all insurgents captured with arms in their possession will hereafter be summarily tried by court martial and shot.

Those who conspire against the integrity of the nation will be sent to the Africa penitentiaries, and those who surrender will be released.

During the present month reinforcements of 16,000 men will leave Spain for Cuba, and during the month of October and the early part of November additional reinforcements to the number of 60,000 troops will be sent from Spain to Cuba.

The news of the death of Arambo, the insurgent leader, is confirmed. He was pursued by a band of troops and lost eight killed.

New York, July 8.—A special to the Herald from Santiago de Cuba says Gen. Antonio Maceo is now, according to reports from Spanish sources, hemmed in between El Cobre and Ramanganaguas, threatened on the one side by the forces of the Spanish General Gasco and on the other by the Spanish columns of Navarro.

About 300 young Cuban patriots are making preparations to leave this city with the exepdition organized by Generals Collazo and Quesada. The refugees are being drilled in squads of fifty under the direction of Julio Castro Y. Silvia, who fought in the last revolution. Many of the young men are members of prominent families in Havana and they are enthusiastic patriots.

Tampa, Fla., July 8—The thirty Cuban clubs in this city held meetings yesterday to elect representatives to the convention to be held on July 10 to name Marti's successor. Thomas Estrada Palma is the unanimous choice here. Telegrams received from New York indicate that the same feeling prevails there.

Twenty-four hundred Spanish troops arrived at Havana Friday. Twelve hundred and fifty Spaniards with two cannon attacked Gen. Antonio Maceo on the mountains a few days since. Maceo enticed them from one side to the other until they were weary and confused, when he made a fierce attack upon them. But two hundred and fifty of the Spaniards returned to the city. The cannon were captured by Maceo.

It is rumored that about eighty men have landed in the neighborhood of Santa Cruz, commanded by a Venezuelan.

Great fighting is expected within a few days between Genera's Gasco's and Navarro's troops and Maceo, who is said to be surrounded by them.

SALISBURY DISSOLVES IT,

Without Giving the Country Any Declaration of His Policy.

London, July 8.—The announcement was made Saturday that parliament was prorogued until July 24, and that, too, without a speech from the throne.

The Marquis of Salisbury, Baron Halsbury, the lord high chancellor, and the Marquis of Landsdowne, the secretary of state for war, attended the meeting of the privy council held at Windsor Castle at 2 o'clock this afternoon, at which the queen signed the proclamation dissolving parliament and the order to issue writs for the general elections.

Evidently Lord Salisbury is playing the role of fox. He does not intend to give the country any definite statement of policy. He will leave it to his lieutenants on the hustings to say what they please within the limits of party discretion. He has always detested programmes because of their dangerously specific character, and he now illustrates again his inveterate dislike.

ANTI-MISSIONARY RIOTS.

Side Light Thrown Upon the Situation and Feeling in Japan.

Victoria, B. C., July 3.—Advices from Tokio per steamship Empress of China to June 21:

The anti-missionary riots in the Szechuan province occupy the exclusive attention of foreigners in China. Many deaths are reported chiefly among natives and Roman Catholics, and the loss of property is estimated at $5,000,000 in the city of Chesg Tu alone. The French mission at this place was established one hundred and fifty years ago, and claimed 20,000 converts. The four Protestant institutions were of modern origin. All have been destroyed, and their occupants, including several ladies, are said to be extreme danger, though the authorities of Pekin declare that measures will be taken for their protection. The French envoy professes to have absolute proof that the outbreak was directly instigated by the Szechuan viceroy, Liu Fing Chang, who has been implacably hostile to foreigners during his nine years of power. His term of office is about to expire, and he has aimed to close his career with a crushing blow against the objects of his hatred. Copies of documents signed by him, or his subordinate officials who unite in the work of extirpating missionaries, have been discovered and sent to the diplomatic body at the capital. Reassuring statements of the central government are therefore received with suspicion, especially as no communication with possible victims can be opened. Telegrams sent to Chang Tu by their friends remained unanswered up to June 10th. Among the American and European attached to Methodist and Baptist missions are Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Endicot, Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, Mr. and Mrs. Kilborn, Mr. Hare, Miss Cady.

Later advices say that anti-foreign demonstrations are now reported in all parts of the Szechuan province. A general conspiracy under direction of Viceroy Liu is apprehended. No direct news can be obtained from the imprisoned missionaries, but the Pekin authorities assert that their lives are not endangered. Gunboats are pushing up the Yang Tse river to the scene.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

The Rebels Meet With Reverses in Remedois.

Havana, Cuba, July 5.—The insurgents have met with reverses. In Remedois the rebels under Zayas have been broken up, in consequence of a hard fight, and seven men have voluntarily surrendered to the Spanish forces. Seven others have been surrendered in Buena Vista. An officer of the Spanish navy sailed for New York, having been authorized to purchase a vessel to guard the coast of the island.

Details reached here to-day of the death of Amador Guerra, the noted insurgent leader. It appears that two severe engagements were fought yesterday at Palmas Altas not far from Manzanillo, one of the largest towns in Santiago de Cuba. Capt. Boreas, at the head of a detachment of 80 volunteers, engaged a force of 400 insurgents cavalry under command of Amador Guerra. The volunteers lost 17 killed and had 19 wounded. Among the killed on the insurgent side was Amador Guerra and Lieutenants Raphael Borrero and Tamaya Y. Ferrero. In addition 50 of the insurgents' rank and file were killed.

NEWS OF INSURGENT VICTORIES.

Gomes Said to Have Routed a Troop of Spanish Cavalry.

Tampa, Fla., July 5.—Dr. Menocal arrived from Cuba last night. He is a nephew of the Nicaragua canal engineer of that name and left Cuba, fearing the Spaniards might molest him for fancied wrongs. Reports are that the autonomist party has dissolved and that Campos has taken up with the conservative party, which is strictly Spanish.

At Macgua a large band went out Friday. Gomez is reported to have routed 73 newly arrived Spanish cavalry in Las Villas on Monday. It is said an expedition landing near Holguin, on the north coast, was captured by Juan Valdiz, a Spanish officer, but was retaken by General Maceo, who lost 200 men, the Spaniards losing 160 men and two cannon.

Key West, Fla., July 5.—A prominent Cuban of this city has received a letter from his brother, who is in Cuba, which states that on the first instant Gen. Maceo defeated the Spanish troops under Generals San Salcedo and Sandoval, near Guantanamo; the insurgents' loss was 72 killed and wounded; the Spanish loss is much greater.

The Spanish troops retreated in good shape. Maceo's men were worn out from excessive marching prior to the engagement.

Port Limon, July 5.—A German schooner which has been lying here for some days, and which is reported to be the property of Cubans, left here yesterday morning carrying 1,200 Remington rifles, 800 Colt's revolvers, and about 500,000 cartridges. She has a crew of 27 men, all Cubans with the exception of three Americans and two Costa Ricans. The ship was here for several days, and it was openly known her destination was Cuba, but no attempt was made to delay her.

CUBAN TORPEDO BOATS.

An Insurgent Leader Says the Report is True.

Fernandina, Fla., July 8.—One of the Cuban insurgent leaders arrived here from New York yesterday afternoon. He confirmed the report that three torpedo boats are being fitted out in France. These vessels, he states, will soon proceed to Cuba, where they will operate against Havana, in conjunction with the army under the command of Gomez. The same Cuban said there is a general movement for a simultaneous attack on Havana.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

An Englishman's High Opinion of Its Importance.

London, July 6.—Archibald Ross Colquhoun, the well known explorer and first governor of Mashonaland, has just returned from a several months' mission to Nicaragua, where he thoroughly inspected the Nicaragua canal route and visited the Panama canal. He says: "From what I have seen of Nicaragua, and in the lengthened visit to the United States, especially the Southern states, I am more than ever convinced of the importance to the United States of this project and feel sure that it is only under the auspices of the United States government that the enterprise can be carried through as it should be.

"The canal, in my opinion, will be universally of greater importance than the Suez canal and will largely revolutionize the shipping routes of the world. For the United States the canal will not only have the effect of developing the trade of the Pacific slope and Southern states, but will more especially open up the magnificent lands of the Mississippi at present lost to the commerce of the world.

TURKS MURDERED FRANK LENZ.

An American Missionary in Asia Minor, So Writes.

Pittsburg, July 6.—Another letter confirming the death in Armenia of Frank Lenz, the Pittsburg wheelman, who was making a tour around the world, has been received here by T. P. Langhans, from a missionary in Asia Minor. The name of the missionary is not given, because his life would be endangered if the Turkish government should learn that he was working on the case. The missionary, however, is working with Sachtleben, the St. Louis man, who was sent out in search of Lenz.

The letter states that they have discovered that Lenz was murdered by Turkish cavalry officers high in the service of the sultan, and for that reason the work is attended with great danger. The bell of Lenz's bicycle was found at Teharouk. His mirror, mail box and another box, which he is known to have carried, were found in the river between Shamla and Mussersta, while the tires of his wheel were discovered at Tchelkni, where a Kurd was using them for a saddle girth.

FRANCE AND BRAZIL.

Strained Relations That Involve Again the Monroe Doctrine.

Washington, July 8.—The strained relations between France and Brazil over the French Guiana boundary appears to become more complicated daily. The subject is analogous to the British-Venezuelan trouble, in which the United States has taken a hand, and in the opinion of officials here the French contest with Brazil is rapidly assuming an aggravated aspect which may again call for the attention of the United States, as the Monroe doctrine applies to one no less than to the other. An armed conflict has occurred in the disputed territory between French soldiers and the Brazilians. The French government has demanded redress, and the Brazilian congress has passed a resolution couched in sharp language calling for an explanation from France. A cable report

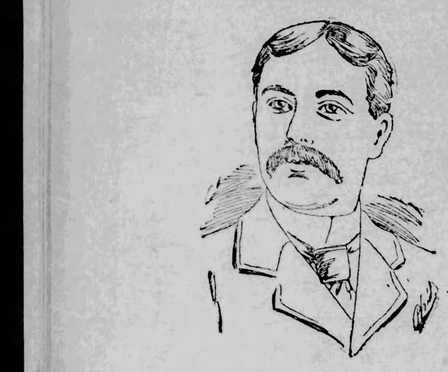
WASHINGTON.

PROF. MOORE, OF CHICAGO.

The Weather Bureau Secures the Services of an Able Man.

Washington, July 5.—Official announcement was made at the White House yesterday of the appointment of Willis I. Moore, of Illinois, to be chief of the weather bureau. Mr. Moore's commission arrived this morning from Gray Gables. He will assume his new duties within a few days.

The appointment will be strictly in the line of civil service, as Professor Moore has been a life-long employe in the service. He is a Republican and was born 41 years ago. He had no political backing for the office, and the announcement of his appointment will be the first intimation to him that



PROF. W. I. MOORE.

his selection has been considered by the President and Secretary Morton. He received his first appointment in the signal service military school at Fort Myer, Va., and ranked second in a graduating class of thirty members. In 1886 he became sergeant, securing the promotion by devising new economical and expeditious mechanical methods of issuing daily weather forecasts and maps, and was immediately assigned to the preparation of meteorological charts. Later he took charge of the forecast bureau at Minneapolis, and was subsequently transferred to Milwaukee, where his work won especial mention from Secretary Rusk.

Last year there was a competitive examination for a weather bureau professorship in which thirty scientific experts and forecasters strove for the office. The ten candidates standing highest were selected for forecast work at the bureau in Washington. Prof. Moore ranked highest. He submitted a comprehensive essay on the best methods for making forecasts of the weather and the awards were made by a committee consisting of Prof. Mendenhall, late chief of the coast and geodetic survey, Prof. Harrington, whom Prof. Moore now succeeds, and Major Dunwoody, assistant chief of the weather bureau. Soon afterward Prof. Moore was sent to Chicago and placed in charge of that station. The press of that city has been unanimous in commending his work. He made a phenomenal record last March in ordering 130 cold wave signals, of which 115 were verified by the waves themselves. He also accurately predicted the severe cold wave which passed over Florida during last December and ruined the orange crop. During last January, February and March his forecasts resulted in displaying signals for 30 winter storms on Lake Michigan, and 27 were practically verified. He is regarded here as one of the most expert men in the service, and officials point to the record he has already made as proof of qualification for the new duties.

THE NEW WEATHER CHIEF.

Prof. Moore Undertakes to Furnish More Frequent Reports.

Washington, July 9.—The resumption of the old plan of forwarding daily weather messages, except on Sunday, to all forecast display stations receiving such information by government telegraph service, was decided upon by the Agricultural department yesterday. It is the first important scheme for improving the forecast service to be put into operation by Chief Moore of the weather bureau. The present system of sending the messages only when decided changes in weather conditions are expected, was found objectionable as tending toward indifference and neglect, and many urgent requests for a change were filed. The resumption of the plan approved yesterday afternoon by Acting Secretary Dabney, has been under advisement for some time.

MORTON'S PETTY SPITE.

Prof. Mark Harrington Dismissed Through Morton's Petty Dislike.

Washington, July 3.—Prof. Mark W. Harrington is no longer chief of the weather bureau. He has been removed by President Cleveland after declining to hand in his resignation. The excuse of his removal is ascribed to incompatibility of temper between Secretary Morton on the one hand and Prof. Harrington on the other. Mr. Harrington was appointed four years ago by President Harrison, and is believed to have made an admirable official. But almost from the first day that Secretary Morton took charge of the Agricultural department, two years ago last March, there has been friction between him and the chief of the weather bureau.

The difficulties came to a climax soon after the change of administration, when an investigation was instituted by Secretary Morton into the business affairs of the weather bureau, the results of which did not implicate Prof. Harrington in any way.

Prof. Harrington talked freely and calmly last night about his removal. "On the 16th of June," he said, "the President asked me to resign because of personal interests. I declined to give it on the score of public interests, and my removal followed promptly, taking effect July 1. The personal interests involved were discussed by me in my letter to the President, and I feel that I have not received just or considerate treatment with regard to them. Among the public interests which I have had steadily in view were the preservation of the scientific corps and the protection of the bureau from the spoilsmen. When a scientific bureau descends to the four-year-office-holding plan it at once loses prestige and ceases to be a desirable post for competent men."

AMERICAN SAILORS WANTED.

United States Vessels Too Largely Manned by Foreigners.

Washington, July 5.—A serious problem in the navy has been the large number of sailors on United States vessels who are not citizens of this country. Department officers are hopeful now that this will shortly be overcome, and American vessels manned by American men. It was shown in the statement sent to Congress during its last session, that one-fourth of the men in the navy were citizens of other countries. The navy department is in receipt of information from the officers commanding the ships that are in commission that many foreign seamen on board American vessels are taking out naturalization papers.

Secretary Herbert is quite interested in this question, and proposes to find out how many foreigners there are in the service, and accordingly has instructed officers commanding United States ships to make reports on this subject to the department after the 1st of July, with the view of placing this question before Congress next session, so that such legislation may be provided as will permit men to be naturalized who have served five years aboard American ships, instead of requiring them to go ashore to secure their naturalization papers.

CAMPBELL'S ADDRESS.

Democrats Expect In His Sign to Conquer.

Washington, July 6.—The utterances of ex-Governor Campbell, sustaining the Monroe doctrine before Tammany on Thursday, have significance which the politicians here are not slow to understand. Campbell has taken precisely the same stand on the foreign policy as Don Dickinson took several weeks ago. Both of these well known Democrats have supported the administration in all other public questions but this. President Cleveland has been gradually drifting from the doctrine which forced the French to rush pell-mell from this continent at the close of our civil war, and appears to have it abandoned altogether. Now Campbell comes to the aid of Dickinson and insists that the doctrine must be sustained; that our proper course to pursue will be to drive the British from Venezuela as we ousted the French from Mexico.

It is evident that the Democratic party is not only divided on the financial question, but on that of foreign relations. Campbell and the astute Dickinson foresee that the silver issue will live but a short time. If they can get on the popular side of such questions as relates to our affairs with Great Britain, Hawaii and other foreign powers they will make considerable noise to attract attention to their position, and perhaps they can secure recognition in the next national Democratic convention. At least such is the ambition which politicians believe Campbell and Dickinson are catering to.

MISS KEY ALMOST PENNILESS.

Granddaughter of the Author of "Star Spangled Banner."

Washington, July 8.—"We will be without a penny in the world next Monday week," was the way her condition and that of her aged and blind mother was described Saturday by Miss Elizabeth Key, granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." This affectionate daughter has had a hard time since she was dropped from the roll of clerks in the office of Commissioner Lochren, of the pension office.

Miss Key was appointed a clerk through the influence of the late Senator Pendleton of Ohio. Friends have intervened with the pension office authorities for the reinstatement of Miss Key, but without avail. Secretary of Agriculture Morton called at the office to investigate the case, but was informed that Miss Key was dismissed for "inefficiency." She said that the work she was performing at the time of her dismissal was simply the counting of slips.

Her influence appears to have gone, but she still has some hope that the Key Monument association, of Frederick City, Md., may be of some assistance.

IT'S ABOUT TIME.

Agricultural Department Protecting Farmers Against Bad Seeds.

Washington, July 3.—An immense amount of poor seed is sold to American farmers and gardeners according to a report recently issued by the agricultural department. While other countries for many years have been looking into the subject with a view to protecting their agriculturists from abuses in the seed trade, no investigations have been made in the United States, except a few experiment stations. Great apathy prevails, however, among purchasers of seed, who, as a rule, buy the cheapest in the market and trust to luck for it to produce the crop. Such seed, says the report, is dear at any price, and the principal source of weeds, whose eradication costs vastly more than the few cents a pound extra which good seed would have cost. The report makes the charge that American seed has acquired a poor reputation in foreign countries, in some of which it is difficult for it to gain a foothold through prejudice.

THE LATE INCOME TAX.

Government Will Have $83,000 to Pay Back.

Washington, July 6.—The internal revenue bureau has already received quite a number of applications for the refund of the amounts paid as income taxes prior to the decision of the United States court declaring the law to be unconstitutional. The blank forms of application for the refund were sent out about ten days ago and almost immediately began to be returned from near-by points. The question as to whether the commissioner can repay the amounts without formal authorization of congress has never been formally raised, but the officials have no doubt that the law authorizing the commissioner to refund internal revenue taxes wrongfully collected will be held to apply to money collected on incomes. The amount collected does not exceed $83,000.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

Offered for the Apprehension of the Escaped Postoffice Thieves.

Washington, July 6.—Postoffice department officials are disturbed by the escape of the three postoffice thieves from the Ludlow street jail yesterday morning. Their arrest had been effected only with a great deal of trouble, and it was a heavy disappointment to learn that they were once more at liberty. Postmaster General Wilson was indignant at the turn of affairs. He said yesterday: "The question of responsibility will surely be investigated. I will do all I can to effect the re-arrest of the men. I have offered a reward of $1,000 each for their capture. The postoffice inspectors and any one who desires to get the reward no doubt will strive to win it."

To Try the Ericson.

Washington, July 8.—Secretary Herbert has directed Commander Bradford to go to New London, Conn., and lay out a course in Long Island Sound for the trial of the torpedo boat Ericson, which is still awaiting her final trial.

MR. EUSTIS CRITICISED.

But Mr. Eustis Denies That Such Interview Took Place.

London, July 9.—Mr. H. DeBlowitz, the famous Paris correspondent commenting in the London Times to-day upon the alleged interview with the United States ambassador to France, Mr. James B. Eustis, published yesterday in the Figaro, said that such an interview evidently constituted a new departure in diplomacy. Several of the Paris newspapers also comment to-day on the alleged interview. The Estafette says that in it Mr. Eustis admitted that the United States supported Japan against France, Russia and Germany; Canada against England and Cuba against Spain, and that the United States has ambitious commercial ideas respecting Madagascar.

"All these accounts and plans," the Estafette comments, "are contradictory of the professions of the Monroe doctrine, and combined with their apparent forgetfulness of our former fraternal relations, compels us to anticipate that the future will be darkened by disputes and misunderstandings."

The Libre Parole also severely criticises Mr. Eustis, and accepting the Figaro interview as genuine, says that the American ambassador has committed a breach of the laws of hospitality.

Mr. Eustis Denies It.

Paris, July 9.—Mr. Eustis was questioned yesterday in regard to the alleged interview with him in the Figaro. He said:

"I have not been interviewed and have not consented to or authorized the publication of an opinion from myself on any of the question discussed in the alleged interview."

Harvest prospects in the south of Russia are encouraging for cereals except rye.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

RUTH CLEVELAND'S SISTER.

The President's Home Brightened by a Little Stranger's Arrival.

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., July 8.—Just before 5 o'clock Sunday night news reached the village that a girl baby had been born at Gray Gables. This report was soon verified by Dr. Bryant, who announced that the happy event occurred at 4:30 p. m., and that both mother and little one were doing as well as could be expected.

This is the third child to be born into the President's family, and all of them are girls. Ruth is four years old and Esther two. Only a passing glance could be obtained from the President this afternoon, but that was sufficient to note an expression of satisfaction on the face of the chief executive, although it was an open secret that a boy baby would not have been unwelcome. Mrs. Cleveland's mother, Mrs. Perrin, is expected to arrive from Buffalo this week.

THIRTEEN KILLED.

Pilgrims Were Bound for the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.

Quebec, July 9.—A terrible accident occurred at 3 o'clock this morning at Craigs Road station on the Grand Trunk railway, about fourteen miles west of Levis. A large pilgrimage from Sherbrooke, Windsor Mills and Richmond left the latter town about 10 o'clock last evening for the shrine of St. Anne de Reaupre. There were two sections of the train, one running a few minutes behind the other. The first section was standing at the Craigs Road station taking water when the second section, passing the semaphore, dashed into the rear Pullman coach of the first section, smashing it to kindling wood and killing, it is said, everybody in that car except the Pullman conductor, who jumped.

Engineer McLeod and Fireman Perkins, of the second section, were both killed outright. The Pullman coach was telescoped into the first-class car of the first section, killing a number of passengers in them. Among the killed are three priests. The number killed is now placed at 25 and the number injured 34. The dead and injured will be taken to Levis about noon, when their names will be ascertained.

The officials of the Grand Trunk railway report that the number of killed in the Craig's Road disaster is but 13 and that 29 is the number of the injured.

GOLD FOR COLORADO.

"Silver" Harvey Would be Snubbed Out There Now.

Florence, Colo., July 9.—There is considerable excitement here over the discovery of a new gold field in the Green Horn range, nine miles south of this place, directly on the line of survey of the Florence Southern railroad. One vein of ore, which is free milling, is 40 feet wide and has had a mill test running about $10 for the full width of the vein. Another tunnel is 30 feet which struck a vein of quartz that seems to be high grade ore, and prospectors claim an assay of $55 for the whole vein, some parts of it running as high as $500.

Silver Cliff, Colo., July 9.—Excitement increases over the Willeta gold camp southeast of here. New strikes are being made daily, and business men and housekeepers are becoming prospectors. A general miners' meeting has been called to make camp rules and organize the district. Picks, shovels and Winchesters are numerous.

OF COURSE, WOMEN INTERFERED.

So Twenty Farmers Whitecapped a Fellow Tiller of the Soil.

Wichita, Kan., July 9.—Twenty farmers of Kingfisher county, Oklahoma, were arested at Hennesey yesterday for white-capping John Flynn, an uncle of Delegate Dennis Flynn, of Oklahoma. About six months ago he took a lot of land that the farmers were using. Last Thursday Mrs. Flynn and a neighbor named Mrs. Maxwell quarreled and so intensified the bad feeling that the neighbors went to Flynn's house and drove off his stock, pulled down his fences, broke his furniture and ordered him to leave the neighborhood.

AN UNIQUE RACE.

Steedless Carriages to Fly Between Chicago and Milwaukee.

Chicago, July 9.—A prize of $5,000 is offered by the Times-Herald for the successful competitors in a horseless carriage or vehicle motor race between Milwaukee and Chicago. The date of contest will not be far from the first of November. This is done in the belief that the invention and coming perfection of vehicle motor is destined to work a revolution in road transportations, and with a view of stimulating invention and arousing an interest along that line.

SECEDING PYTHIANS

Will Set Up a Little Kingdom of Their Own.

Detroit, July 9.—About fifty representatives of the Knights of Pythias of various cities, who seceded from the order on account of the decision by the supreme lodge that the rituals of the order should be printed only in English, have arrived here. To-day they will hold a meeting, which was adjourned from one held in Buffalo December 18 last, to perfect the organization of the "Improved Order of the Knights of Pythias."

Shook 'Em Up a Little.

Springfield Mo., July 8.—Two distinct earthquake shocks were felt here last evening, the first at 7:30 and the other a minute later. The duration of the first vibration was five seconds. No damage was done.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

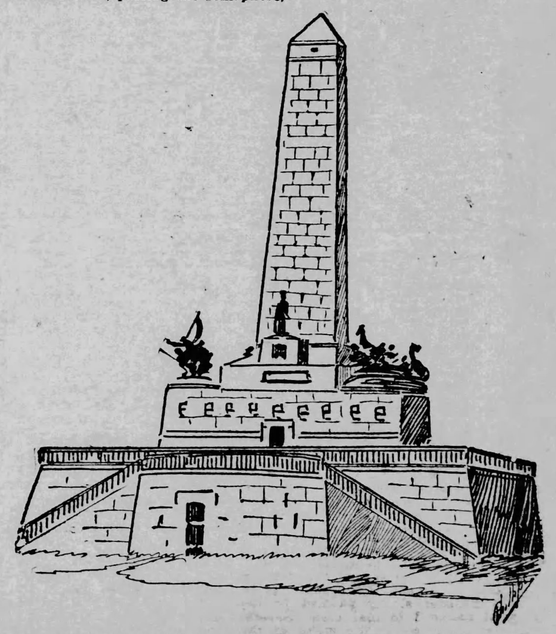
Description in Detail of This Memorial to America's Idol.

Springfield, Ill., July 9.—Among the bills passed by the legislature which became laws on the first day of July is one providing for the transfer of the Lincoln monument from the Monument association to the state. The law makes appropriations for the repair of the monument, the pay of a custodian, and the erection of a custodian's lodge, or house. It also provides that the governor, state treasurer and superintendent of public instruction shall be trustees of the state to have the care and custody of the monument.

Arangements have been made for appropriate transfer ceremonies this evening. They contemplate in part addresses by Representative Cochran, who will preside at the meeting; ex-Governor Oglesby, president of the association; Governor Altgeld and Senator Cullom.

The monument was dedicated October 15, 1874, the occasion being signalized by a tremendous outpouring of the people, the oration commemorative of the life and public services of the great emancipator being delivered by Richard J. Oglesby. President Grant also spoke briefly on that occasion, and a poem was read by James Judson Lord. The monument was built after the accepted designs of Larkin G. Meade, of Florence, Italy, and stands upon an eminence in Oak Ridge cemetery, occupying about six acres of ground. Ground was broken on the site September 10, 1869, in the presence of 3,000 persons. The capstone was placed in position on May 22, 1871, and on September 19, 1871, the remains of Lincoln were removed from the temporary tomb and placed in the crypt under the monument. In the other crypt reposes the remains of Eddie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, who died in infancy, and of Thomas (Tad), their youngest son, who died in Chicago July 15, 1871.

The monument is built of brick and Quincy granite, the latter material only appearing in view. It consists of a square base 72 1-2 feet on each side, and 15 feet 10 inches high. At the north side of the base is a semi-circular projection, the interior of which has a radius of 12 feet. It is the vestibule of the catacomb, and gives access to view the crypts in which are paced the bodies of Lincoln and his sons. On the south side of the base



THE LINCOLN MONUMENT AT SPRINGFELD, ILLINOIS.

is another semi-circular projection of the same size, but this is continued into the base so as to produce a room of elliptical shape, which is called Memorial hall. Thus the base measures, including these two projections, 119 1-2 feet from north to south and 72 1-2 feet from east to west. In the angles formed by the addition of these two projections are handsome flights of stone steps, two on each end. These steps are protected by granite balustrades, which extend completely around the top of the base, which forms a terrace. From the plane of this terrace rises the obelisk or die, which is 28 feet 4 inches high from the ground and tapered to 11 feet square at the top. At the angles of this die are four pedestals of 11 feet diameter, rising 12 1-2 feet above the plane of the terrace. This obelisk, including the area occupied by the pedestals, is 54 feet square, while from the obelisk rises the shaft, tapering to 8 feet square at the summit. Upon this four pedestals stand the four bronze groups representing the four arms of the service—infantry, cavalry, artillery and navy. Passing around the whole obelisk and pedestal is a band or chain of shields, each representing a state, and the name of which is carved upon it. At the south side of the obelisk is a square pedestal 7 feet high supporting the statue of Lincoln, the pedestal being ornamented with the coat of arms of the United States.

The statue of Lincoln is, of course, the central attraction of the monument. He is represented as standing with fasces at his right hand, in which is his pen. In his left hand he holds the proclamation of emancipation, while on the pedestal beneath his feet is the bronze coat of arms.

LETTER FROM GLADSTONE.

He Makes an Appeal to the Liberals of London.

London, July 9.—The Westminster Gazette this afternoon publishes the following message from Mr. Gladstone, addressed to the liberals of London:

"Hawarden, July 5, 1895.

"Above all other purposes vindicate the rights of the house of commons as the organ of the nation, and establish the honor of England, as well as consolidate the strength of the empire, by conceding the just constitutional claims of Ireland.

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

STANDARD OIL WENT UP

In Flames at the Chicago Warehouse Last Night.

Chicago, July 9.—The suburb of Harlem was shaken from limit to limit last night by the explosion of hundreds of barrels of oil stored in the Standard Oil Company's big warehouse in that village. Flames were discovered at 11 o'clock and in less than ten minutes the first explosion took place, and then came a fusillade as if heavy artillery was in action. The building was blown to pieces and burning oil was thrown all over the surrounding land. The loss will be over $50,000.

The Argentine government has purchased the station cruiser Garibaldi, and wants another.

R R R
ALWAYS READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use effect a permanent cure.

It instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, stomach, Bowels or other glands or mucous membranes.

STOPS PAIN

CORNELL WINS AT HENLEY.

They Take the Heat Easily and in Slow Time.

London, July 9.—The Cornell crew won the race from the Leander crew, in a walkover. In fact the English crew did not row at all. The umpire said "go," after asking "are you ready," and the Cornell boys dashed away. Leander yelled "We're not ready." The umpire paid no attention to them, but steamed along the course, signalling the Cornell's to proceed.

Henley-on-Thames, July 9.—The fifty-sixth anniversary of the water Derby in Great Britain opened to-day and promises to be one of the most interesting on record. This is mainly due to the fact that the seven entries for the grand challenge cup, the "Blue Ribbon" of aquatics, includes that of the crew from Cornell university, Ithaca, New York.

The grand challenge cup was first competed for in 1839. The Leander Rowing club, composed mainly of Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen, are the holders of this trophy, and the Leander boat club holds the record for this race, six minutes, 51 seconds, made in 1891, over the Henley course, one and one-half miles.

Consequently, there was an increase of interest in this event, when it was decided by drawing lots at the Town Hall, Henley, on Saturday last, that Cornell was to meet the Leander crew, the most prominent oarsmen of Great Britain, this afternoon in the first heat in which the Americans take part.

Last year the race for the grand challenge cup was rowed in seven minutes, 22 seconds, and as the men from Cornell have frequently covered the course in a little over seven minutes, their admirers, in spite of the gloomy reports from training quarters of the crew believe that the winning crew would have to break the record.

In exact figures, the course is one mile and 550 yards long, the starting line is below Regatta Island; the crew row up stream, against the slight current, and the finish is opposite the grand stand, about 550 yards below Henley bridge. Owing to the fact that the Thames about Henley is narrow and crowded, all the races are rowed in heats, only two boats starting in each heat.

The grand challenge cup was displayed during the day on the grand stand and was the object of much curiosity among the Americans and others. It is a beautiful embossed bowl, with two handles, and inscribed upon it are the names of every winning crew which has competed for it since it was first rowed for in 1839.

Excitement was at a fever heat when the course was cleared in preparation for the most important event of the day, the race between Cornell and Leander in the third of the first series of trial heats for the grand challenge cup, when the umpire put the crews in position, Cornell was first in place and Leander slowly paddled to the point assigned to that crew. Several boats followed in the wake of the crews and the umpire sharply ordered them away as they seemed to seriously interfere with the Leander.

Cornell and Leander started promptly at 3 o'clock. The wind continued blowing strongly in favor of the Cornell crew, which had the Bucks side of the river. Cornell eventually won easily, Leander not finishing the race. Time—8 m. 11 s.

When the Leander crew was in place the umpire cried: "Are you ready?"

Cornell replied "Yes."

A member of the Leander crew said first "Yes," and then the Leander stroke, C. W. Kent, turned and cried, "No, no." The umpire an instant before had said "Go."

Leander at the word started, half of the crew pulling for dear life, but the others turned and shouted "No, not ready." The umpire waved his hand to Cornell which crew had taken the water promptly when the word was given, shot ahead and continued over the course. The umpire's boat at first did not follow, and the Leander crew, with the coxswain, F. C. Begg, in a terrible rage, pulled their boat towards the umpire's launch, and Begg said: "I told you we were not ready."

To this the umpire made no reply, and his launch steamed ahead after the Cornell crew, which was now far down the course.

The Leanders, until the umpire's launch passed away out of speaking distance, continued to shout wildly: "We are not ready. Why did you serve us so?" But the umpire did not look at them, and increased the speed of his launch.

In the meantime, the Cornell crew, pulling a steady, even stroke, seemed satisfied that they were in the right in continuing the race, passing the end of Regatta Island, F. D. Colson, the Cornell coxswain, half turned and held up his hand towards the umpire's launch.

But the umpire waived them on, and Colson, with a satisfied look, quickly resumed his position, and gave a sharp order to the crew, who had relaxed the tremendous pace with which they had started.

Then, upon reaching the half mile post where the crowds began to thicken the Cornell boys were loudly cheered. A few feet beyond this there were excited shouts coming from both banks of the river, and the words, "Where is Leander? Why don't they come? Are they lost?" could be heard every few feet. "An English crew would never have kept on," said an excited Britisher.

On the grand stand among the Americans the feeling was one of great disappointment. One American said: "Well, I would rather they had licked us than to have the thing like this."

However, the universal opinion among the rowing authorities here was that Cornell was perfectly right in rowing over the course, and that they could have done nothing else in the face of the umpire's order.

The St. James Gazette says that the Leander crew will probably protest against the decision of the umpire in allowing Cornell to row over the course when the former crew had announced that they were not ready to start.

MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

The Dominion Government Has Announced Its Policy.

Ottawa, Ont., July 9.—The government last night announced its policy on the Manitoba school case. The Manitoba Catholics, having appealed to the dominion authorities to pass a law restoring separate schools as they existed prior to disestablishment, the dominion government announced that they will make an attempt to arrive at an understanding with the Manitoba government whereby Roman Catholics shall be given their own schools, under state inspection and with teachers who have passed the provincial normal school examinations. If Manitoba will not consent to this the dominion government pledges itself to bring in and pass a law containing such provisions at the session beginning the third week in January next.

Administration of the Fair estate of San Francisco has received an offer from Detective John Curtis to return the stolen will for money.

R R R
ALWAYS READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use effect a permanent cure.

It instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, stomach, Bowels or other glands or mucous membranes.

STOPS PAIN

Will Eject Cattlemen.

Wichita, Kan., July 9.—J. B. Brown, superintendent of the Ponca Indian school, at Ponca, I. T., stated that a decision was handed down by the Interior department Saturday, which will deprive cattlemen of the use of 60,000 acres of grazing lands belonging to the Ponca tribe, at the expiration of their leases.

Money, Crops, Trade.

WAGES AND PRICES HAVE GONE BOUNDING UPWARD.

First Half of 1895 and the Record of Failures.

New York, July 6.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, which issues to-day, says:

The midsummer reports from all commercial centers are of especial interest, covering the questions on which the future of business depends. They indicate distinctly better crop prospects than other official or commercial accounts, a marked increase in retail distribution of products, an active demand for goods and a general enlargement of the working force, with some advance in the wages of more than half a million hands. At the same time they show that the rapid advance in prices has somewhat checked the buying of a few classes of products. In some parts of the country the outlook for fall trade is considered bright.

Comparison of prices for various iron products show an advance ranging from 72.2 per cent since February for wire nails to 7.1 per cent for anthracite pig, and in all kinds averaging 22 per cent. The demand and rise have come so suddenly that even while the first order for shipment of steel billets to Europe, given some time ago when prices were low, is being announced, the price here has advanced from $17 in April to $22.25, or about 31 per cent.

Wool is stronger, both here and abroad, the London sales opening July 2 at higher prices and the average for 104 qualities of domestic wool quoted by Coates Bros. has risen nearly half a cent since June 15. Sales have been enormous, though largely speculative, but exceeding those of May and June in any previous year, being 26,897,613 domestic and 27,487,100 foreign, against 24,232,400 domestic and 19,675,150 for 1892.

Speculation has advanced cotton three-sixteenths, though the crop news is favorable, and depressed wheat two cents in spite of estimates that the yield has been materially reduced since June 1. Every year the crop reports are having less influence and the time is ripe for the radical change in government estimates which the department proposes. The year closes with more than 2,600,000 bales of American cotton available here and abroad, and with at least 65,000,000 bushels surplus wheat, although some market quarters report a million bushels larger. The crop of oats is certain to be large and the prospects for corn has greatly improved within the last few weeks.

There were 6,687 commercial failures in the first half of 1895, against 7,029 in the first half of 1894, and 6,041 in the first half of 1893. These commercial failures involved liabilities of $88,839,944 this year, against $101,730,515 last year, and $168,864,444 in 1893. Manufacturing failures for the half year were 1,254, against 1,501 last year and liabilities $40,301,949, against $41,506,892 last year, and about $89,000,000 in the first half of 1893. Trading failures for the half year were 3,815, against 5,402 last year, and liabilities $45,669,830, against $52,345,978 last year, and about $61,000,000 in 1892. Manufacturing failures were in number .36 of 1 per cent of all manufacturing concerns, against .42 last year, with liabilities averaging $113 for every such concern, against $117 last year. The trading failures were .64 of 1 per cent of all firms in business, against .64 last year, with liabilities averaging only $54 for every such concern, against $62 last year. Banking failures, not included in above, were 63, with liabilities of $6,653,275, against 63 last year, with liabilities of $13,184,461. The details show a decrease in this class of failures in the second, compared with the first quarter of 1895, both in number and magnitude of defaulting, liabilities averaging $34, against $49 for every firm in business and $3.04, against $4.03 for every $1,000 solvents.

Bradstreet on Finance.

New York, July 6.—Bradstreet's Financial Review says:

Bearish manipulation has supplied the lack of genuine activity in the market during the present week, while business conditions improve to an extent which maintains a strongly bullish underline. The market does not widen and public and foreign buying fails to appear. The industrial stocks in particular were open to bear attacks, and the weakness of sugar and Chicago Gas consequently have been a most unsettling influence. This week has seen a further advance in rates for sterling bills, the prevalent prices hovering about the gold export point. Intimations that bearish operators had endeavored to force gold withdrawals by offering to guarantee bankers who would ship gold against loss found some acceptance. The further allegation was that the houses applied to refused, and there seems no reason to doubt that foreign bankers are acting in harmony with the syndicate.

In spite of the hesitating purchases and manipulative drives at prices the general market has been on the whole firm in tone. The apparent hitch in the negotiations for a re-organization of the Northern Pacific with the co-operation of the Great Northern will have considerable influence. Railroad earnings continue to improve, except in the Northwest, and the "booming" state of the iron and steel trade has its reflection in the advances of stocks in that line. The market on Friday was generally strong on covering of short in the face of the decided weakness of Chicago Gas.

WINTER WHEAT CROP.

Summary of the Reports of Over Four Thousand Observers.

The crop reports of C. A. King & Co., of this city, are esteemed as the most valuable of any concerning winter wheat. That firm's latest report was issued yesterday, and summarizes the replies received from 4,049 reliable grain dealers and millers, covering the six principal winter wheat states, which generally raise two-thirds of the winter wheat crop of the United States. Two thousand six hundred and seven are from the important wheat counties and 1,442 from the smaller. Ohio, Indiana and Illinois send about 900 reports each; Michigan, 500; Kansas and Missouri about 400 each.

The six states will average about half of last year's crop. Michigan and Missouri promise the best or about two-thirds. Ohio will have a trifle over half a crop; Indiana and Illinois a trifle less than half and Kansas the worst.

There has been a small decline in the condition during the past month; 1,423 reports say it is about the same; 1,009 a trifle better; 999 a trifle worse, and 534 much worse. Missouri shows a slight improvement.

The quality will be inferior to the last crop. It promises to be irregular. 1,290 say it will be mostly two red; 1,685 say mostly white red; 299 about half two and three; 324 say four red and 126 rejected or worse. Illinois will have the poorest.

One thousand one hundred and thirty-seven say new wheat will begin to move freely during the first week of July; 1,534 during the second week; 503 in the third week; 304 the last of July, and 539 in August or later.

Nine hundred and fifty-two say farmers will sell freely soon after harvest; 253 say many will be compelled to sell; 725 say about half will sell freely; 212 say they will hold for better prices and 1,614 say a large majority will hold. Many say there will be no surplus over their local needs. Some say they will sell their poor wheat first.

Clover seed promised poorly. Recent rains have improved some, but a large majority say it is too early to tell what the crop will be.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

Fast Fortnight's Business Largest in American Market's History.

Boston, July 6.—The Commercial Bulletin says to-day:

The brisk buying, particularly by Americans in the London wool auctions, has advanced prices there to the American level. Sales in this market have again been stimulated. Over 20,000,000 pounds of wool have been sold in Boston in the last fortnight at an average advance of 10 points from the low figure. This is the largest fortnight's business ever done in any American market. There has been no further advance in unwashed Western wool, which has, however, sold freely at the last week's advance. Pennsylvania has sold at 19c, an advance of 2 1-2 from the lowest. Australian wools and foreign merinos have advanced sharply. Good port Phillips sixties quality combing selling a month ago at 35c clean now sell at 40c clean, and even Sydney combing of 40c quality have been sold for 37c clean. The sales of the week are 68,090,000 pounds domestic and 30,772,000 pounds foreign, against 6,075,000 pounds domestic and 3,865,000 pounds foreign last week, and 2,090,000 pounds domestic and 100,000 foreign for the same week last year.

The sales to date show an increase of 13,848,859 pounds domestic and an increase of $30,227,609 pounds foreign from the sales to the same date in 1893. The receipts to date show a decrease of 3,764 bales domestic and an increase of 117,774 bales foreign.

Boll Worms in Texas.

Denison, Tex., July 5.—Boll worms, the terror of the cotton raisers, have made their appearance in this and Fannin county. There is every indication of hot, dry weather, which will check the ravages of the pest.

Texas Cotton Crop in Danger.

St. Louis, Mo., 6.—A special to the Post Dispatch from Huntsville, Tex., says: Information from reliable sources indicate that the cotton crop is in a dangerous condition in Arkansas and Texas unless it stops raining, and that very soon the cotton crop will be cut short at least 50 per cent.

TEXAS ALL RIGHT.

Immense Corn Crop Assured and Cotton Probably Safe.

Fort Worth, Tex., July 9.—A recently compiled crop report from about 450 points in the state has just been made public. The report covered 172 counties from the coast district to the northern tier of counties, and from various counties in East and West Texas. The shortage in the cotton crop is now placed at fully one-fourth less than last year. The crop is from eighteen to twenty-five days late, with the plant in poor condition. The chances of producing even a fair crop of cotton in Texas this year hangs by a slender thread. The corn crop is made and is immense. Heavy rains have been falling north and west of here for the past few days.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Office of The Toledo Blade,
Toledo, O., July 9, 1895.

The following table shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	July 9.	July 2.
U. S. 4's (new), coupons	124	123 3-4
U. S. 4's (new), coupons	123 3-4	123 3-4
U. S. 5's, coupons	116 1-2	116 1-2
U. S. 5's, registered	116 1-2	116 1-2
U. S. 4's, coupons	112 1-2	112 1-2
U. S. 4's, registered	112	112 1-4
U. S. 2's, registered	96 1-2	97
Pac. 6's, '95	100	100

Condition of the Grain Trade at the Close This Afternoon.

The markets for wheat started in weak to-day on lower cables and as trade proceeded, liquidation was brisk. There was a good volume of exhausted margins and the downward tendency was intensified by a rumor that a big Chicago house was in trouble. The reports of a promised immense outturn of spring wheat was another factor of weakness. In fact, there was no foundation for the bulls to build upon, all the reports being of a weakening nature. The most determined longs, under a sharp decline of over 2c, and a strong of the stuff overboard to-day by those who had to hold lost their nerve, and joined the throng of bulls, making the day's trade in September especially, a very heavy one. At the close there were some who thought that the bottom had been reached, but most of the traders thought that the lowest point in the decline has not yet been reached. A decline of more than 5 cents in two days is a very marked one, but conditions must change from those of the present to cause an upward turn. Bull news is needed very badly to make better prices. At present the festive bull is on the rampage.

Closing cables were higher, but they had no effect upon the American markets.

Prospect for wheat crop in Prussia favorable.

Export clearances to-day—Wheat, bu., 26,236; flour, bbls., 8,854; or wheat and flour as wheat, 66,079 bu.

Receipts in the Northwest, 86,078 bu., with 105 cars on track; on track same day last year, 151 cars.

The Mark Lane Express says English wheat has declined 6d, and foreign 1s.

Bradstreet's shows: Wheat decrease, both coasts, 2,235,000 bu.; world's decrease, 1,971,000. Europe increase, 884,000; corn decrease, 1,194,000.

September pork opened at Chicago at $12, and closed at $11.17.

Estimated receipts for to-morrow—Wheat, cars, 15; corn, 120; oats, 120.

Oats for July opened at Chicago at 23½c, and closed at 23½c.

Corn was active, but held better than wheat, although near the close there was a strong sag away and with wheat. At Chicago July corn opened at 41¾c, rose to 42¾c, then eased to 42c, September, 42¾c, 43½c, then 42¾c.

Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower.

As compared with yesterday, cash wheat is 5 1-2c lower; July, 5 3-8c; August, 5 1-8c; and September, 5 3-4 off. Tradewas dull for cash, but for future delivery, especially September, trade was unusually active. At the close the market was weak.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 68 1-2@ 64 1-2c, less price to excite sales.

July wheat, 68c, and finally 64½c; August, 68@64c, less price to close; September, 68¾c, and on last sales, 64½c; December, 71½c, then 67c.

Corn Active, Steady.

Corn was active and prices were steady; No. 2 mixed, 44c; No. 3 corn, 43½c; No. 3 yellow, 44c; September corn, 44c.

Oats—Active, weak and lower; September, 24c, and finally 23 1-2c.

Rye—Neglected.

Clover seed—Active and about 2 1-2c higher and steady; prime, October, $5.60; alsike, $5.27 1-2 for August delivery.

Timothy seed — Active; September, $2.40; first half September, $2.45.

F. N. Quale reports street prices: Wheat, No. 2 soft red, 67c; No. 2